

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### ATTORNEYS.

**ROBERT H. POLGER**, Attorney at Law, 100 E. Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Deals for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public office second floor over Randolph's jewelry store, South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

### BANKS.

**GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK**, Hotel Conrad block. Dealer in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

**UNION NATIONAL BANK**, Massillon Ohio. Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. \$100,000 Capital. S. Hunt, President; C. Steese Cashier.

### DRUGGISTS.

**Z. T. BALTZLY**, dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy Articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House Massillon, Ohio.

### PHYSICIANS.

**DR. W. H. KIRKLAND**, Homeopathic Practice. Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

### HARDWARE.

**S. A. CONRAD & CO.**, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

### MANUFACTORIES.

**RUSSELL & CO.**, manufacturers of Tenshing Machines, Portable, Sewing, and Tractor Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, etc.

**MASSILLON ROLLING MILL**, Jos. Corns & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

**MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY**, manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, etc.

**MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO.** Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

### GROCERIES.

**D. ATWATER & SON**, Established in 1822. Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Warehouse in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

### JEWELERS.

**C. F. VON KANEL**, East Side Jewelry Store, East Main street.

**JOSEPH COLEMAN**, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No. 5 South Erie street.

**Traveler's Register.** Trains leave and depart on Standard time minutes slower than city time.

CLEVELAND, LORAIN & WHEELING SOUTH.	
No. 41 (goes to Bellville).....	6:30 a. m.
No. 35 (goes to Wheeling).....	7:21 a. m.
No. 37 (goes to do).....	8:21 a. m.
No. 39 (goes to Uhrichville).....	9:21 a. m.
NORTH.	
No. 24.....	6:30 a. m.
No. 36.....	7:21 a. m.
No. 38.....	8:21 a. m.
No. 40.....	9:21 a. m.
WHEELING & LAKE ERIE GOING TOWARD WHEELING.	
No. 1, Daily.....	1:00 p. m.
No. 2, Daily.....	2:00 p. m.
No. 3, Stops here.....	3:00 p. m.
No. 4, Sunday only.....	6:40 p. m.
GOING TOWARD TOLEDO.	
No. 4.....	6:30 a. m.
No. 6, Daily.....	7:21 a. m.
No. 8, Daily.....	8:21 a. m.
No. 10, Sunday only.....	10:30 a. m.

**Cleveland, Akron and Columbus R. R.**

NORTH.	
No. 25, Exp. 4:35 a. m. No. 2 Exp. 10:51 a. m.	
No. 27, Exp. 4:15 a. m. No. 2 Exp. 3:37 p. m.	
No. 29, Exp. 3:12 p. m. No. 2 Exp. 10:42 p. m.	
No. 31, Exp. 8:38 p. m. No. 2 Exp. 7:40 p. m.	
SOUTH.	
No. 26, Exp. 4:35 a. m. No. 2 Exp. 10:51 a. m.	
No. 28, Exp. 4:15 a. m. No. 2 Exp. 3:37 p. m.	
No. 30, Exp. 3:12 p. m. No. 2 Exp. 10:42 p. m.	
No. 32, Exp. 8:38 p. m. No. 2 Exp. 7:40 p. m.	

**CLEVELAND CANTON & SOUTHERN R. R.**

GOING SOUTH.	
Leave Massillon via C. M. & E. Ry. 6:22 a. m.	
Leave Canton at 7:25 a. m. Arrive at Cleveland 8:35 a. m.	
Leave Massillon via C. M. & E. Ry. 8:30 a. m.	
Leave Canton at 9:30 a. m. Arrive at Cleveland 10:40 a. m.	
Leave Massillon via C. M. & E. Ry. 12:00 p. m.	
Leave Canton at 1:00 p. m. Arrive at Cleveland 2:10 p. m.	
Leave Massillon via C. M. & E. Ry. 4:19 p. m.	
Leave Canton at 5:19 p. m. Arrive at Cleveland 6:30 p. m.	
GOING NORTH.	
Leave Cleveland at 7:00 a. m. Arrive at Canton 8:00 a. m.	
Leave Canton at 8:00 a. m. Arrive at Massillon 9:10 a. m.	
Leave Cleveland at 10:00 a. m. Arrive at Canton 11:00 a. m.	
Leave Canton at 11:00 a. m. Arrive at Massillon 12:10 p. m.	
Leave Cleveland at 1:00 p. m. Arrive at Canton 2:00 p. m.	
Leave Canton at 2:00 p. m. Arrive at Massillon 3:10 p. m.	
Leave Cleveland at 3:00 p. m. Arrive at Canton 4:00 p. m.	
Leave Canton at 4:00 p. m. Arrive at Massillon 5:10 p. m.	
Leave Cleveland at 6:00 p. m. Arrive at Canton 7:00 p. m.	
Leave Canton at 7:00 p. m. Arrive at Massillon 8:10 p. m.	

**CANTON-MASSILLON ELECTRIC RAILWAY.** Cars depart on schedule between Massillon and Canton. Leave Massillon at 6:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Leave Canton at 7:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Trains return to Massillon at 10:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m. Half hour, from 1:30 o'clock a. m. until 10:30 p. m.

**F. H. ELLIOTT**, General Agent, Massillon, Ohio.

**CHAS. D. WISE**, Surveyor, Civil and Mining Engineer and Draughtsman. Abstractor of Titles and Notary Public. Office, Room 1, Stone Block, MASSILLON, O.

**Notice of Appointment.** The undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Corns, late of Stark County, Ohio, deceased. Dated the 1st day of November, 1893. JAMES C. CORNS, Administrator.

**Notice.** Mary Joy, residing at Gowen, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, will take notice that on the 1st day of December, 1893, she filed her petition in the court of Common Pleas, of Stark County, Ohio, praying for a divorce from said Mary Joy on the ground of adultery. Said cause will be for hearing after the 3rd day of February, 1894. EMMA L. JOY.

By Willson & Day his Attorney. December 18th, 1893.

## A BLOW AT STRIKES.

The Northern Pacific Trying to Prevent a Tieup.

### A COURT INJUNCTION OBTAINED.

The Receivers Order a Wage Reduction. They Make a Move to Anticipate a Strike—The Court's Order Served on Employees.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 27.—The receivers of the Northern Pacific, preparing for a strike of all their employees, applied some time ago to Judge Jenkins of the United States court for an order restraining them from declaring an instantaneous strike and doing any damage to the property, and interfering with the operation of the road. The receivers had ordered a general reduction in wages from 5 to 8 per cent. The employees objected.

Negotiations between representatives of the employees and the receivers have been in progress for three weeks. The negotiations have been broken off and the strike being imminent the receivers have decided to make use of the injunction issued by Judge Jenkins, which, they hope, will enable them to operate the road immediately with new men. The legal document now nearly 1,000 words. The injunctive order was served last night and today on all the leaders of the Northern Pacific railroad employees by the United States marshals of the district through which the Northern Pacific passes.

The order of the court restraining the Northern Pacific employees from "combining and conspiring to quit the service of the road" is an extraordinary document. It is the first order of its kind it is said ever issued in the United States. A somewhat similar injunction was issued by a United States court in Michigan during the strike of the Toledo and Ann Arbor employees, but that injunction was issued after the strike was in progress. The grounds for the issuance of the present injunction are set forth in a long petition of the receivers, which was filed Dec. 18.

An Ex-Policeman's Horrible Death.

HAZLETON, Pa., Dec. 27.—Luke Corrigan, an ex-policeman of this city, met a horrible death here. He was about to cross the Main street crossing of the Lehigh Valley railroad, when his heel became fast between the rail and a plank. Before he could extricate himself a rapidly-moving train bore him in sight. The man made desperate efforts to free himself, but could not, and the train bore down upon him. Both his legs were cut off, and he died shortly after being taken to the hospital.

They Missed Their Dinner.

GOES STATION, O., Dec. 27.—As John Hamilton was seated with his family, about to begin dinner, they were interrupted by their neighbor, Mrs. Weiss, announcing that her home was in flames. The building was completely destroyed, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the citizens to save it. Sam Tracy was slightly injured while fighting the fire.

Pine Grove Citizens Suffer.

PINE GROVE, Pa., Dec. 27.—The grip ravages are being felt throughout this section. In some places whole families are down with the disease. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Murphy, an aged couple of Frailey township, died of its effects within a week. A large number are suffering from pneumonia produced by the grip.

Fight at a Negro Dance.

SOUTH POINT, O., Dec. 27.—A party of white men attempted to break up a negro dance here. A general fight was the result. Joseph May, white, was shot and killed by Jim Hale, negro. George Heath and George Turner, both colored, were dangerously wounded. Many others suffered painful knife wounds.

Killed by an Electric Car.

ALTOONA, Pa., Dec. 27.—John Hoar, an aged and highly respected citizen of this place, was run over and instantly killed by a Logan Valley electric car while walking on the track about a mile and a half from the city. He was very deaf, and did not hear the conductor's signals.

Dynamite at Mass.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—During the celebration of mass in the Catholic church at Bezieres, in the south of France, a dynamite bomb was exploded. There were a number of people in the building at the time, and the explosion caused a panic.

Charged With Committing Robberies.

READING, Pa., Dec. 27.—Emanuel Elmwood, Frank Strunk and Albert Herbin have been lodged in jail here on the charge of being among the parties who committed recent robberies throughout this section. All are young men.

Carried Off His Threat.

XENIA, O., Dec. 27.—William Shalin, a colored man, on a drunk made his threats that he would kill some one before night, and attacked David Shelly, an inoffensive railroad man, cutting him seriously. When arrested he attempted to run amuck in the patrol wagon, but was promptly subdued by the officers.

Mortified Over Failure.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 27.—Mr. Overton Price, late cashier of the wrecked Citizens' National bank of Hillsboro, O., is dead from nervous prostration resulting from mortification over the bank's failure.

His Leg Cut Off.

DENNISON, O., Dec. 27.—Frank Maxwell, employed as a switchman in the Panhandle yards, while attempting to step on the front of a yard engine was knocked down and one leg cut off near the hip. His recovery is doubtful.

## CRANK AFTER PARKHURST.

He is Overpowered by Officers—Another Move Against Police.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—A man giving his name as Timothy Kane, aged 35 years, of 1776 Third avenue, called at the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Police station. He announced that he was going to kill the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, and he wished two policemen to accompany him and arrest him after the deed. After a hard struggle Kane was overpowered and locked up. An examination as to his sanity will be made.

Dr. Parkhurst has opened his batteries again on the police, and this time his guns are trained on Captain Edwin Slewin of the Oak Street station. The clergyman gave out for publication some recent correspondence between his society and Mayor Gilroy and the police officials. The communications referred to in this letter are quite lengthy and in substance prefer charges of neglect and duty against Captain Slewin for failing to close up certain disorderly houses in his precinct.

A Desperado at Large.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Dec. 27.—A desperado named Thomas Kennedy arrived in Cascade, Lycoming county, from the woods. He whipped half a dozen men and chased many others at the point of a revolver. The citizens telegraphed to Williamsport for police assistance. Chief of Police Russell responded, but a friend of the desperado told him of the chief's coming, and he made tracks for the woods. Kennedy murdered a hotel porter at Cass Forks, in Potter county, three months ago and escaped. Potter county has a standing reward of \$500 for his arrest.

Punished the Cannibals.

LONDON, Dec. 27.—An officer of the British gunboat Boomerang, writing from Sidney, N. S. W., gives an account of the punishment inflicted on the Pentecost island cannibals for their murder of four members of the crew of the American schooner Don Henri last September. The cannibals also murdered a portion of the crew of a French vessel. On learning the facts the Boomerang and the French warship Schorff landed detachments of marines who met and defeated the cannibals in several engagements and burned their villages.

Rolling Mill Company Fails.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 27.—The Mahoning Rolling Mill company, with headquarters in this city and mills in Danville, Montour county, has gone into the hands of receivers. The liabilities are \$300,000 and assets \$232,000. Justice Cox of this city, and Charles L. Builey of Harrisburg, both directors, have been appointed receivers.

President Mackey Resigns.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—D. J. Mackey has resigned as president and director of the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad company, and Vice President H. C. Barlow is now acting president of the company. W. H. Ford was also elected director in place of Mr. Mackey, and also chairman of the board of directors.

A Stay Granted to McKean.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—Judge Cullen of the supreme court, Kings county, filed with the clerk of that court his decision in the McKean stay proceedings. He grants the stay on the ground that there is reasonable doubt of Judge Barnard's right to grant the injunction order.

Employees to Be Discharged.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 27.—The clerical force in the ticket department of the Pennsylvania Railroad company in this city will be reduced on Jan. 1 by the discharge of about 15 of the present employees.

The Mataheles Subjugated.

CAPTOWN, Dec. 27.—Commissioner Rhodes has arrived at Palapye and announces that the Mataheles are entirely subjugated and that King Lobengula does not intend to return to Bulawayo.

To Protect Their Subjects.

ROME, Dec. 27.—It is stated that an agreement has been concluded between England and Italy for mutual protection of their citizens in Brazil.

Extensive Mountain Fire.

CARLEISLE, Pa., Dec. 27.—An extensive mountain fire has broken out in the North mountains near Sterrett's Gap, and is sweeping northward.

Suez Canal Traffic Blocked.

PORT SAID, Dec. 27.—The steamer Clan Matheson is ashore and is blocking traffic through the Suez canal.

Incorporated at Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 27.—There were chartered here the John P. Stone Manufacturing company of Philadelphia, capital stock \$10,000; the Collins Cigar company of Pittsburgh, capital stock \$100,000. The Binghamton Wagon company of Binghamton, N. Y., was given permission to open a branch office at Scranton.

Bakers' Strike in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27.—The bakers' strike is spreading and today six more bakeries were compelled to shut down for lack of men. This now makes 10 bakeries out of the 16 in which the men are controlled by the association in which the strike is on.

Said to Have Been Accidental.

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 27.—Thomas T. McCoy of Ulysses street, Mt. Washington, shot himself with a revolver and died one hour later. Friends of the family say that Mr. McCoy was cleaning a revolver and that the weapon was accidentally discharged.

More Ejection Officers Arrested.

## MAY FIGHT THIS WEEK.

Minister Mendonca Daily Expects a Naval Battle.

### HE IS NOT CONFIDENT OF VICTORY.

Mello's Armed Cruisers Will Give Peixoto's Little Vessels a Hard Fight—If Victorious the Loyal Vessels Will Tackle Admiral De Gama's Fleet.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—Minister Mendonca of Brazil believes that a crisis in the Brazilian revolution is at hand, and that the decisive stroke will be made this week. He says that the two great ironclads of the Rebel Commander Mello and the flotilla of little torpedo craft lately improvised by President Peixoto are rapidly nearing each other. The minister says that a collision is almost certain to occur before next Monday. He recognizes that the little torpedo and dynamite boats are tremendously overmatched by the rebel ships, but he counts much on the



MINISTER MENDONCA.

ability of the small boats to maneuver quickly and to discharge their novel explosives. Senior Mendonca is hopeful and confident that the Mello fleet will be defeated, and that the Peixoto ships will then be able to turn attention to the other rebel admiral, Gama, who is in Rio harbor.

A Pernambuco dispatch says: The inhabitants of Pernambuco were astonished to see the Netherly return, reporting that she had been unable to find the two rebel ships. The latter were said to have been sighted, bound for the convict settlement on the island of Fernando de Noronha, to the north of this port, and the object of Admiral De Mello in making for the island referred to was said to be the liberation of the convicts, who were to be enlisted in the Brazilian insurgent marine force. It is now said that the Netherly will here await the coming of the rebel ships and will fight them in or about this port.

From Rio de Janeiro there is little or no fresh news to publish. The adherents of both sides claim that their opponents are driven to the last extremity and that they must soon give in. One thing is certain, and that is that the people are getting heartily tired of the monotonous course of events. So a decided action upon the part of either President Peixoto or Admiral De Mello would be a positive relief to all people interested in the Brazilian struggle.

Dying From Starvation.

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 27.—A woman named Burke was found in a hovel on East street, Allegheny, dying from starvation, abuse and neglect. Her husband was lying beside her in the bed, intoxicated. From bruises on her face and body, it is supposed that he had beaten her. He was arrested and is now in the Central station. It is said that the woman has been sick some time and has not had food for several days. She was removed to the Allegheny General hospital.

She Heard Nothing Suspicious.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27.—Crowds surged through the corridors and attempted to gain entrance to the courtroom where Mrs. Andrew Foy was to be cross-examined in the Coughlin trial. Ex-Judge Wing subjected the witness to a severe questioning. She was interrogated as to Coughlin's visit to her husband on the night of May 9 and admitted that she heard nothing suspicious in the conversation.

PITH OF THE NEWS.

French action in Madagascar has aroused the natives to a war pitch. The cruiser New York has sailed from New York harbor for Rio.

The British battleship Resolution has been badly damaged by a storm. James Franks was killed by a Pennsylvania railroad train near Trenton.

In a faint Mrs. Barbara F. Danbur fell on a stove at Elizabeth, N. J., and may die from her burns.

England is glad of Italy's submission of the Dervishes, and their relations may be strengthened by it.

The Atchison directors express strong hopes that the receivership will be dissolved within six months.

The house appropriations committee is considering the bill to repeal the law on permanent appropriations.

There is great opposition to the Jesuit's readmission to Germany, and it is believed the Reichstag vote will not be endorsed.

Dr. Miquel, the German statesman, and Chancellor Caprivi are said to have had a serious dispute and the former may resign.

During a quarrel at Camden, N. J., George Wilbur, John Williamson and William Duffy were stabbed. Wilbur may die.

Ex-Judge Hugg, counsel for the Camden (N. J.) liquor dealers selling under a county excise license, ordered all saloons to close at once.

Russia has purchased five steamers from the United States and Brazil Mail Steamship company for the Russian Transcontinental railroad.

## A K. OF L. CONFERENCE.

Nothing Definite Regarding the Removal of the Order's Headquarters.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 27.—The executive committee of the Knights of Labor is holding a meeting here and the changes contemplated when the body was reorganized recently are being discussed and completed. In addition to General Master Workman J. R. Sovereign, there are in attendance C. A. French, Marlboro, Mass.; J. R. Kouma, Omaha; H. B. Martin, Minneapolis; M. J. Bishop, Boston, and Thomas McGuire, Amsterdam, N. Y. It has been understood recently that the committee had decided to remove the headquarters of the order from Philadelphia to Washington. In regard to this Mr. Sovereign said to your representative:

"No such decision has been reached; in fact it is by no means certain that the headquarters will be removed from Philadelphia. Washington is not the only city to be considered if we decide upon a removal. Applications have also been received from Baltimore, Columbus, Niagara Falls and several other cities."

Concerning the reported withdrawal from the Knights of Labor of the Clothing Cutters assembly of New York and Brooklyn, Mr. Sovereign said: "No official notification of their withdrawal has been received at this office. Our books show that the New York assembly has been under suspension for months and the Brooklyn assembly 15 months for non payment of taxes and assessments."

Flew to His Dying Child.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27.—Francis J. Dawes, the wealthy Chicago brewer, received word at New Orleans that his child was dying here, and chartering an Illinois Central train the tracks were cleared and Mr. Dawes and his wife were hurried over the 1,000 miles at the rate of a mile a minute. He paid about \$1,000 for the trip and broke all records between New Orleans and Chicago, making the run in 25 1/2 hours.

His Charred Body Found.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 27.—The charred body of William Rendig, aged 50 years, was found on Swatara hill, near Middletown, by Joseph Waldner, who was gunning in the vicinity. It is supposed that Rendig built a fire while intoxicated and lay down beside it, and, falling asleep, rolled into the flames and was roasted to death.

Bridge Gave Way and a Train Wrecked.

BOONE, Ia., Dec. 27.—As a train of loaded coal cars was passing over the private bridge of Hutchinson and Keating, over the Des Moines river, one of the spans gave way, and the cars were piled in the river below. William Palmer, a brakeman, was killed.

Dressed Poultry Trade Heavy.

HAMBURG, Pa., Dec. 27.—The trade in dressed poultry in this place is very heavy, although at lower prices than usual. Over 20,000 pounds of turkeys have been shipped by local dealers to the New York, Philadelphia and Schuylkill county markets.

An Aeronaut Killed by a Fall.

HAVANA, Dec. 27.—Aeronaut Killips made a balloon ascension during the performance at Pabillon's circus. When 60 feet up he fell from the trapeze. He was unconscious when picked up and died an hour afterward.

Shot While Lagged in a Brawl.

HAZLETON, Pa., Dec. 27.—Mike Rosak of Jeddo was fatally shot while engaged in a brawl. The name of his assailant is unknown. He escaped to the woods and has not yet been apprehended.

A Street Duel Ends Fatally.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 27.—In a street duel at Lawrenceburg, Ky., Jos Brown shot and killed Folk Moffett. The trouble arose over the arrest of Moffett's son at church. Brown was severely wounded.

A Youthful Horse Thief Arrested.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 27.—Santiago Lira, 14 years of age, has been arrested at Lawrenceburg, Ky., Jos Brown shot and killed Folk Moffett. The trouble arose over the arrest of Moffett's son at church. Brown was severely wounded.

Run Over by a Cable Car.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 27.—Edward C. Goddin, Jr., son of a well known real estate agent of Richmond, Va., was run over by a cable car on Gay street at the corner and both his legs so badly crushed that he is not expected to live.

A Preacher Falls Dead.



FOR THOSE WHO RIDE

TWENTY THOUSAND CARRIAGE FACTORIES ARE AT THEIR SERVICE.

New Methods of Manufacture Contrasted With the Old—Fashion's Decree as to the Style For the Occasion—An Immense Industry Explained.

[Special Correspondence.]

Boston, Dec. 21.—There are some 20,000 carriage-making establishments, big and little, in the country, employing thousands of workmen. Millions of dollars in manufactured work are produced every year. This is the reason carriages are so plenty for those who can afford to own them.

The different kinds of carriages are bewildering in number, and every season sees some new traps upon the market as well as improved designs in the standard lines. Fashion has now designated the proper kind of vehicle for each special use. The family carriage shall be a brougham. The madam shall ride in this when shopping or in pleasant weather shall use her victoria, while the loop phaeton is for her use when out for a drive and desiring to handle the reins. For a gentleman a narrow, open buggy or stanhope topboggie is the proper thing, and a six, eight or ten passenger break when he wants to take a party of friends out. The young people have their four passenger fancy traps for a drive in company, but for one or two the fancy two wheelers and odd shaped vehicles must be used.

Carriages Long Ago.

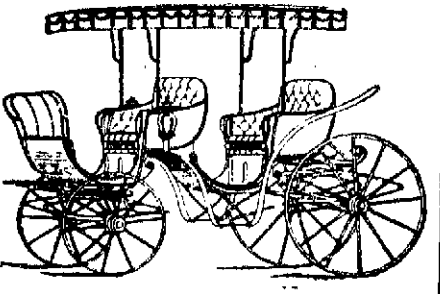
In early times the carriage factories were little wayside smithies, and one room carpenter shops, where the iron work was all hammered out by the smith, and the body, wheels, trim and lead were sawed, planed and fitted by the carpenter. Then the painter and upholsterer took it in hand, each at his respective place of business, completing the vehicle in perhaps months of labor. After the chaise was finished, if not an ordered job, it was hauled to market and sought a not easily found purchaser if the price was as high as \$300. That amount of money in the days of our great-grandfathers was almost a fortune.

Workmen in those days considered a day's work to be from sunrise to sunset in summer, and in winter they were expected to work until 9 o'clock four evenings in the week. But they had work every day in the year if they wished it. For this labor apprentices—for the carriage maker employed one helper, and he was an apprentice—received board, \$25 and three months' schooling the first year, \$30 and two months' schooling the second, and so increasing \$5 per year for four years.

Now, eight or ten hours is the day's limit for workmen, and they receive all the way from \$2 to \$3.50 per day or more, but a large part of the more laborious work is done by machines. The woodwork of the gear and wheels is hickory, and it is sawed from the rough planks and planed, shaped and smoothed by machinery. The frame of the body is of the same wood, and it is mortised, tenoned, punctured with screwholes and made ready to be united and held in place by glue and screws. The panels of the body are sawed out by a hand saw from wide, half inch boards of the greenish colored, knotless white wood, and the body maker fits and fastens these in place and smooths the joints with sandpaper.

Made by Machinery.

In a separate department of the great factory, where all parts are now made simultaneously, the designing drafts-



A FAMILY SURRY.

man is busy with big sheets of paper working out new ideas, which every year show finer results, and approach nearer the ideal of the future in the admirable perfection of the present.

In the wheel shop the machines and workmen turn the hubs and spokes and bore the holes in the rims and hubs, driving them all together in a perfect wheel to be rimmed with iron, and a steel tube is driven in the hub for the axle to rest upon.

In the smith department the ponderous trip hammer and clamping anvils shape the glowing iron, and dusky forms move among the white, wooden, skeleton carriages, fitting and fastening the iron to the wood, welding the axles, hammering out the connections and the dash frames, fastening the springs and bolting all strongly together. At last it is all filed smooth to be ready for the paint. To a room redolent with the odors of Ceylon and the pitch woods of the Carolinas the carriage goes to receive the pretty colors and glossy varnish.

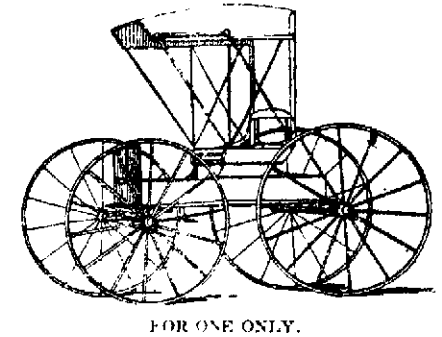
The painting is one of the most important processes of manufacture, as it depends greatly upon how this is done whether it suits the public taste. The graceful outlines are covered with harmonizing color and decorated with fine lines in an artistic manner, and over all is spread the transparent varnish that scintillates and flashes at every movement. The carriage receives a half dozen different coats of paint, besides the final coats of varnish. At last, in a room papered and made dust proof, where the temperature is constantly kept at about 80 degrees, the last coat of varnish is flowed on and dries in a mirrorlike surface. Then the job is ready for the upholstering and trimming department.

On long, low benches the hides of leather and webs of cloth are spread, cut and fashioned by skillful fingers. Clicking sewing machines make accompaniment to the rat-tat of the tack hammer and swish of tearing cloth. Leather, broadcloth, silk, satin and morocco are used. The back and sides of the

seat are first cushioned and made springy with spiral wire springs behind the squabs. The leather is stretched on the dasher, and the wood bows that give form to the top are put in place. This is called "setting the head," and is a very delicate job. It takes a skillful hand to get it leveled and true. The bows are held at the lower end by iron sockets, turning on an arm or goose neck.

The Finishing Touches.

Of course different styles have different trimmings, but all bow tops are trimmed much the same. Over the corners of the bows a long cushion of curled hair is tacked to hold the leather out plump. Then the woven cloth or head lining is tacked to the inside of the bow. The leather is cut for the top in four pieces and stitched together, as is also the back and side curtains. After the lamps are put on it is ready for shipping.



FOR ONE ONLY.

ment and is taken apart, if to be sent crated, by removing the wheels, shafts and top, and packed in a small compass. If it is to be sent on a platform car it is merely covered with a cloth.

From the wholesale manufacturers they go to the salesrooms of the dealers, and are arranged in tasty groups upon the floors, and prices amounting to 20 or 25 per cent advance on the wholesalers' prices are put on them.

The average prices for the closed broughams are \$300 or \$400. Victorias are \$250 to \$350. Stanhope buggies are \$200 to \$300. Other top buggies are all the way from \$125 to \$300. Topboggies from \$125 to \$300. Of course the prices run up to \$2,000 or \$3,000 for fine coaches.

The industry is distributed all over the country, but New York state, the New England states and the west have the largest number of factories. Through the south the manufacturers are smaller, and in the far west and on the Pacific coast the industry is less important. The most prominent places of manufacture are New Haven, Amesbury, Mass.; Cincinnati, Chicago, Buffalo and New York.

The trade is represented by half a dozen journals, and voluminous catalogues are issued by the manufacturers to advertise their work. The American carriage has become famous and leads the world in beauty and construction.

G. P. SMITH.

COLOR OF BUILDINGS.

How a Taste For Harmony Is Steadily Gaining Ground.

[Special Correspondence.]

Cleveland, Dec. 21.—Whatever may be the cause, it is a fact that the love of color on the part of Americans is steadily gaining ground. In no way is this change of the national taste more plainly observable than in the painting of the buildings. Forty years ago red and yellow houses were often seen in country districts, but by the beginning of the civil war few of them were left, and especially among the well to do white became the dominant paint.

In the suburbs of the cities it was the same, while public and business buildings and pretentious residences were almost all of gray or brown stone or brick of a dull, red color. Often the brick was painted a somber tint, and sometimes white. Bright coloring was practically not thought of in buildings, and when it began to be introduced was frowned upon from all directions as evidence of extremely bad taste. Now the white house is so extremely rare as to excite surprise, and year by year the coloring of all sorts of buildings is becoming gay and more diversified.

The most modest house builder of today devotes much time to the consideration and selection of the paint he shall use on his residence, and more than one contractor of my acquaintance who makes the erection of moderate priced houses a specialty employs constantly a man of recognized artistic taste to lay out a color scheme for single houses and groups. One of these men, with whom I had a conversation today, displayed good knowledge of values and contrasts and explained very logically why he had painted two houses built on the same plan quite differently. One was surrounded by trees and shrubbery, and the other was in a street closely built up and in proximity on each side to houses of red brick. The colors chosen in each case were such as would harmonize with the environment.

It is difficult to locate all the reasons for this change. The peoples of warm countries have always shown greater fondness for color in building as well as in clothing and decoration than those of cold lands. English buildings are somber, while the structures of southern Europe abound in bright colors. It is held by a certain meteorological authority that the average temperature of this country has risen one degree in the past 40 years.

The same authority holds that this change, stylish though it be, is producing vast modifications of our usages, tastes and manners. Possibly it has come bearing upon the point in question. The large influx of European blood may also have something to do with it. The gradual lightening of the national character, the increased attention to amusements, the greater general culture, all are contemporary with the change in the coloring of the buildings, and quite probably all are resultant from the same cause.

C. B. BOLLES.

It's Different Here.

In London the conductor of a tramcar is liable to arrest and punishment if he permits more than the regular number of passengers on his car. Recently one conductor was fined \$1.75 because there was one passenger extra.

A FOG CRYSTALLIZED

HIGH IN THE AIR IT SAILED, AND MEN CALLED IT A CLOUD.

When the North Wind Breathed on It, It Resolved Itself Into Snowflakes, Which Descended Earthward to Affect Humanity In Divers Ways.

One day the north wind breathed on a fog bank that was so high in the skies as to be called a cloud by the human nites that pattered far below on the surface of the earth, and straightway the fog shaped itself into dainty crystals, and these massed themselves into flakes and began to sail jauntily down to the earth.

Some of these flakes were seen by a lot of flannel shirted, heavy booted lumbermen who were waiting for the snowfall to go into logging camp, and when they saw the fleecy things descend one



THINLY CHIPPED AND TRIMMED AND RULED.

after the other till the earth was covered as with a blanket, while yet uncounted myriads were following in their wake, the loggers cheered and yelled not that it snowed the white rose, for the snow was heavy, and its coming meant the beginning of their season of industry. And the next morning when the sun shone again out of the frosty blue winter sky, tipping hill tops and bare, gaunt tree branches with gold, the loggers began their three months' toil with gleaming axes and ringing saws and iron pointed hand-picks.

Day after day they chopped and trimmed and hauled the monster logs into which they transformed the mammoth forest trees, and night after night they sang songs and told stories in their rude woodland huts after their work was done and their supper of pork and beans was eaten. In the spring, when the breakup came and they floated the logs they had got out during the winter and counted the products of their toil, they smiled and said the season had been good. But if the north wind had not breathed on the cloud that day early in the winter and it had rained instead of snowed, their labors would have been much shorter and their season only ordinary.

Some of the flakes from that same cloud were whirled by the north wind, after it had crystallized them, over the streets of a city, and when they fell there joy and dismay were mingled. The children danced with glee—that is, those who lived near the parks and were possessors of sleds and skates and comfortable clothing and warm mittens. To them the snow meant frolics and fun unlimited, but to some others, who had poor shoes and thin, tattered clothing, it meant chattering teeth and stiffened fingers and blue noses and watery eyes. But the north wind cared not.

It was dull that winter among those who labor for wages, and to men who were out of work the whirling, falling flakes gave grateful promise of employment upon the streets, of shoveling tons and tons of snow, and wages from the city's till. But in his office in the city hall the official who was responsible for the condition of the streets and had already used up most of his appropriation the snow was hateful, and he walked up and down in despair as he thought how the newspapers would "jump upon him" the next morning and ask sarcastically if the slush would ever be removed from the pavements, if the gutters would ever be free of muddy ice water and if street traffic would ever be free again. And in every city in the land where snow fell that day there was a distracted official. But they all lived through it.

Some of the flakes were sifted over the pleasant valley, at the foot of which stands the little old red schoolhouse some of you know and cherish blessed memories of, and one driven crystal planted a cold but gentle kiss on the



SHE WAS NOT SORRY.

rosy cheek of the little schoolma'am who wielded the ruler and rang the bell in the little schoolhouse and was "boarded round" that winter. And she was filled with dismay, for some of her pupils' parents lived two miles away from the foot of the valley, and she thought, as the flake that had chasteled saluted her was followed by countless thousands of others, that she would have to wade through snow the remainder of the winter.

But young Jim Willis, the broad shouldered son of the trustee, twinkled his blue eyes as he noticed the descend-

ing now, and thought how the next day he could hitch up to his father's big box sled, and on pretext of gathering the children up to take them to school would save the little schoolma'am who had been kissed by the flake from the struggle with the spring came, and the little schoolma'am realized because of that first storm she need no longer be a teacher, she was not sorry the snow came so early.

None of her pupils worried when the snow came, for it brought to them visions of coasting—"riding downhill" they called it—and snowballing and snow fort building and other sports of the season, and the girls wondered if the boys would "wash their faces" and began to "dare" them to.

Still others of the flakes that fell that day whitened the buffalo robe that was wrapped about the legs of Andrew Stevens, the stage driver. And he knew that it meant that the period of his yearly fighting through the drifts was about to begin, and he drew his breath in through his tight shut teeth as he thought of the number of times his stage would probably be overturned, and the fact that not until the spring sunshine had melted the drifts could he again venture out without a shovel. He also remembered, as he watched the white shower, that frozen fingers, frozen faces, frozen ears and a frozen nose fell to his portion the previous winter.

When the road overseers of the valley townships saw the flakes, they thought, as did the city street superintendents, of the thoroughfares that must be kept open, and if their task, being confined to a few rods shoveling here and there, was the shorter and less laborious, the correlative fact that their resources were also less more than offset their advantage. But as they broke out the rural roads after the storm was over these men, being good farmers, reflected that their winter wheat was now warmly blanketed by the snow and would not be likely to winter kill. And all our young folks whereon the snow fell rejoiced as they saw it and began to think of the sleigh bells' jingle and the delights of moonlight skidding over smooth crusted snow.

Others there were watching the eddying snowflakes on their earthward descent from speeding railroad trains. One of these persons, a philosophical journey taker, whom you would set down at once as a commercial man, turned in his seat in the smoking car to borrow a match from his neighbor and ask him if his trip was a long one. When the reply came, "Boston to Omaha," the first speaker chuckled:

"And we're not half way there yet, for I am going to Omaha also. The way the snow starts in today reminds me of the way the eastern blizzard of 1889 snowed aya trainload of us not 50 miles from New York."

And then the two seasoned travelers joined issue in a friendly contest as to who should spin the longest yarn con-



MODERN ROTARY SNOWPLOW.

cerning storm experiences, which was a draw when it came time, as they were grinding along in the teeth of the storm, to turn in and go to sleep. The next morning, when all who had stuck to the train found that a fresh snowbound experience was ahead of them, these travelers were the most philosophical of the lot, for they had learned by experience that nothing could be done but to wait, and that jack pots and snoring and songs and veracious recitations of personal annals are excellent things to fall back on when snow blocks the way.

Some of the passengers growled, but none took things so much to heart as the superintendent of the division of the road on which they were imprisoned, for a heavy snowstorm meant almost superhuman exertions on his part and the part of his subordinates. It meant ceaseless vigils till the rails were clear again; it meant broken engines and cars derailed, demoralized schedules and kicking, complaining passengers, and expenses without limit almost to be charged against the division in the main office of the great trunk line, where, it seemed to him, a lot of accountants were kept solely for the purpose of casting up just such unavoidable expenses.

The engine man and the fireman of the train, who found themselves somewhere near daylight stuck in the snow in the deep cut, were not so worried as the "super" was at the division terminus, and they took turns keeping the engine alive and tramping through the snow with the train hands to the nearby farmhouses for supplies for the passengers. And between times they cheered up the young conductor with stories of what the wonderful modern rotary snowplows can do, and related reminiscences of the other days before the invention of the rotaries, when they used to try to clear the tracks with pointed plows, behind which a procession of engines would sometimes push their way through.

"Do you remember, Jim," queried the engineer, "how in 1878 we put 19 locomotives in a row, and how, when we were stuck in this very same cut, the head engine's whistle 'back' was interpreted by the rear engineer to be 'go ahead,' and what a snafu followed? How the two middle engines were shut up like jack-knives, and poor Bill Johnson was killed and some of the other boys were pretty badly hurt?"

The men of all men who looked upon the snow with most approval as it fell from the crystallized fog bank that day was Old Probabilities, and his smiles were shared by the signal officers in all the snow region, for it had been officially predicted that snow would come.

I. D. MARSHALL.

THE SOUTHERN POLE.

REVIVAL OF INTEREST IN ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Dr. Cook Proposes to Invade the Southern Seas and at Least to Make Important Observations If He Does Not Succeed In Reaching the Pole.

The subject of antarctic exploration, after lying dormant for half a century, is again interesting the attention of geographers, and an attempt will soon be made to explore the frigid and storm swept regions within the antarctic circle. Of this vast area of 8,000,000 square miles comparatively nothing is known, although Dr. John Murray, at the recent antarctic meeting of the Royal Geographical society, stated that the south polar continent may have an area of 4,000,000 square miles. Though this is conjecture, based upon the fact that the dredging operations of the Challenger in antarctic waters gave evidence of continental rather than of oceanic lands, geographers would not be surprised should it prove true.

The north polar region has been visited so often by navigators and scientists that the geography of its surroundings is fairly well known, and it is possible that within a few years the pole will be reached and its topography charted. But so utterly isolated is the south pole, so intense the cold, so vast and tempestuous the waters that surround it, that fearless indeed must be the adventurer who would solve the mysteries of that frozen solitude.

Early in the present century a few discoveries were made, and later, about 1885, a general interest in antarctic exploration became manifest. Lieutenant Wilkes commanded an elaborately fitted out expedition for the United States government, while Enchard and Franco sent out similar expeditions, commanded respectively by Captain James Ross and Admiral Dumont d'Urville. The results of these explorations were meager and en-



DR. F. A. COOK.

gendered bitter controversy. From that time until 1874 little was added to human knowledge of the southern frigid zone, when the British ship Challenger, under command of Captain Nares of the royal army, during her voyage around the world in the interest of science, entered the antarctic circle and secured interesting and valuable data.

So far as is known human beings have never wintered inside the antarctic circle, and but two or three landings of a few moments' duration have been made. But enough has been learned to show that the cold is much more intense and the ice formation vastly greater than in the northern polar regions. Towering mountains, covered with unmelting ice and snow, rear their majestic heights against the wintry sky, shutting out from human vision the wastes of land or sea and ice that lie beyond.

To penetrate this forbidding region is the task that Dr. Fred A. Cook of Brooklyn has set for himself. Dr. Cook was the ethnologist of the Peary expedition in 1891-92, and his experience will qualify him for this hazardous undertaking. He proposes to buy a steam whaler and fit her out for a three years' cruise in the southern seas. On the decks of the steamer will be carried two lifeboats. One of these will be large enough to cross the stormy waters between the South Shetland islands and South America. The other, a smaller, will be built for navigating through the ice.

As the seasons are reversed in the southern hemisphere, the months of December, January, February and March will be the season of exploration. It is Dr. Cook's purpose to sail from New York about Sept. 1, thence to the Falkland islands to replenish coal and provisions. From Falkland islands the course will be direct to Terra Louis Philippe, where he will leave the larger lifeboat with provisions sufficient to reach Falkland islands, to be used if his steamer is lost. His movements after leaving Terra Louis Philippe will depend upon the condition of the vast ice packs drifting around the polar ocean at the mercy of the winds. His intention is to take the first opening and sail to the most southerly point attainable, where headquarters will be established and preparations made for the long antarctic night.

It is Dr. Cook's intention, after the observations are placed and winter quarters completed, to make a detailed geological and topographical survey of the surroundings, and meteorological observations will be continued for one year.

When the sun finally disappears, all outside labor must cease, and systematic mental and physical exercise will take its place. With modern food the doctor feels no fear of scurvy.

With the reappearance of the sun the party will start south on the ice with sledges and dogs, of which Dr. Cook expects to have 50. Scientific observations will be continued along the coast, and as much of it explored as time will permit.

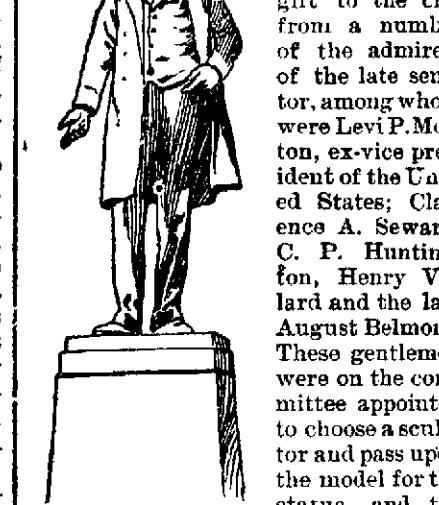
The opportunity is now open to Dr. Cook to find a continent and solve the last problem of exploration, and if he succeeds he will have added immeasurably to our knowledge of the world.

W. H. BAILEY.

CONKLING IN BRONZE.

An Artistic Memorial of the Famous New York Senator.

A fine bronze statue of Roscoe Conkling by J. Q. A. Ward, the famous American sculptor, was recently erected in the southeast corner of Madison square, New York. It was a gift to the city from a number of the admirers of the late senator, among whom were Levi P. Morton, ex-vice president of the United States; Clarence A. Seward, C. P. Huntington, Henry Villard and the late August Belmont. These gentlemen were on the committee appointed to choose a sculptor and pass upon the model for the statue, and the result of their choice is very satisfactory to all except a few critics who would rather have had the senator's stalwart form draped in a Roman toga or something else that is "classical."



CONKLING'S STATUE.

Mrs. Conkling, the senator's widow, saw the model in the sculptor's studio many times, and shortly before her death, which occurred in October last, wrote to Mr. Ward complimenting him on his success in securing a lifelike representation of her husband. Mrs. Conkling took the greatest interest in the completion of the memorial, and many times expressed the wish that there might be no ceremony of any kind when it was unveiled. Her desire was carried out to the letter, and the statue was set up and unveiled without a word of eulogy or a note of music, in the presence of but a small assemblage of passersby who had stopped to see what was going on.

The bronze represents Senator Conkling in an attitude Mr. Ward remembers having once seen him assume while addressing the senate. The pose is graceful and natural, and the likeness is remarkably good. The statue is 8 feet in height and weighs 1,200 pounds. The pedestal is of grayish red marble, and the only inscription is the name, "Roscoe Conkling."

COLORED CATHOLICS.

Father Tolton and the Imposing Church He Is Building In Chicago.

Father Augustus Tolton, who has the distinction of being the first Roman Catholic priest of the negro race ordained especially for missionary work among the colored people of the United States, is now engaged in the erection of a church for his congregation in Chicago which promises to be an ornament to the city. It is dedicated to St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, and is expected to be completed in July next. The structure will be of Gothic architecture, with two spires of unequal height, and the material pressed brick, trimmed with Bedford stone. The seating capacity of the church proper will be 850, and the Sunday school rooms will accommodate 500 more. The interior woodwork will be of white oak, and the building will be heated by steam and lighted with electricity.

A unique and interesting life history is Father Tolton's. He was born a slave on a Missouri plantation, and on the outbreak of the war his parents escaped to the north, taking their children with them. They reached Illinois in safety and located at Quincy, where the father of the family soon died and Augustus was



FATHER AUGUSTUS TOLTON.

compelled to go to work to help sustain his mother and sisters. His first employment was secured in a tobacco factory at 50 cents a week, and after that he worked in a collar manufactory and in a store as porter.

During all this time he devoted every leisure moment to study, being ambitious to secure an education. His progress was good, and he mastered Latin almost without assistance. He subsequently entered St. Francis college, and on the completion of his studies there was accepted as a student at the propaganda in Rome, where he spent six years and was ordained, celebrating his first mass in St. Peter's on Easter Sunday, 1886.

Returning at once to Quincy, Father Tolton was placed in charge of St. Joseph's colored congregation, where he remained for about three years. Chicago, however, offered a larger and more progressive field, and on Archbishop Feehan's invitation he went there and organized the congregation of St. Monica's church. He is a fluent and graceful talker and has a singing voice of exceptional sweetness, which shows to good advantage in the chants of the high mass. It is no unusual thing for many white people to be seen among his congregation.

The British museum possesses an iron ax head of 1,370 years B. C., the oldest authenticated iron implement known.

W. H. BAILEY.

You will find Darkness



Just as soon as you will find such diseases as Fits, St. Vitus Dance, Epilepsy, Sleeplessness and Nervous Prostration thriving where strong, healthy nerves are; and just as darkness is driven out and the air sweetened and purified by the white light of the sun, so

Dr. WHEELER'S NERVE VITALIZER

drives out diseases and puts new life into the nerves which have been preyed upon. This is why Mrs. G. K. Watts of Brandywine, Va., said: "I sleep delightfully and my nerves are wonderfully strengthened—never had anything do my nerves so much good." You don't need this if well and strong, but if weak and nervous, you do.

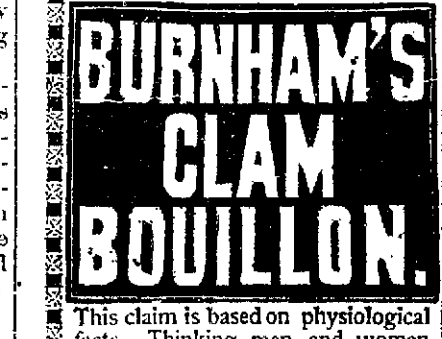
PRICE \$1.00 A BOTTLE

Inquire of druggists for free sample. If not found, write us enclosing five cents (stamps) for postage. The doctor gives free advice to any nerve disease sufferers. All welcome.

The J. W. Brant Co. Makers ALBION, MICH. And 424 Dea St., New York For sale by Morgenthau & Heister and F. E. Seaman.

A Thinking Machine

Is what the brain is. It needs the nourishment of a stimulating and natural food. There is no product that contains more phosphorus, lime and sodium—food for the brain and nerves—than



This claim is based on physiological facts. Thinking men and women should use it at least twice a day. Never buy Bouillon for the sick, except in Glass Bottles. Grocers and Druggists. Six 24 pint bottles expressed for \$1.50. Send stamps for book, "Household Hints." E. S. Burnham Co., 100 Nassau St., N. Y.

Easily Taken Up

Cod Liver Oil as it appears in Scott's Emulsion is easily taken up by the system. In no other form can so much fat-food be assimilated without injury to the organs of digestion.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites has come to be an article of every-day use, a prompt and infallible cure for Colds, Coughs, Throat troubles, and a positive builder of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Scott's Emulsion is for sale by E. S. Craig.



For sale by Morgenthau & Heister

PILES ITCHING PILES SWAYNE'S

ABSOLUTELY CURSIVE. Intense itching, burning, smarting, and all other troubles of the rectum, cured by Swayne's Piles Ointment. Sold by all druggists.

LEGAL NOTICE. John Kennedy, whose place of residence is unknown will take notice that on the 7th day of August, 1893, Mary Kennedy filed her petition in the court of common pleas of Stark county, Ohio, being cause numbered 3955, praying for a divorce from said John Kennedy on the ground of extreme cruelty and that said cause will be for hearing on and after six weeks and one day after the date of publication of this notice.

WILLIAM & DAY, Attorneys for plaintiff. Massillon, Ohio, November 30, 1893.

Notice of Appointment.

THE undersigned has been duly appointed Executor of the estate of Maria Korman, late of Stark county, Ohio, deceased. Dated the 12th day of December, 1893. D. S. GARDNER, Executor.

The Best. Oldest and Largest Commercial and Short-hand School in the West is the Spencerian Business College, 422 Superior St., Cleveland, O. Established in 1858. This institution has prepared 32,000 young men and women for useful and successful careers. New building, superior teachers, and a splendid course of study. Elegant catalogue sent on addressing SPENCERIAN, 422 Superior St., Cleveland, O.



# UNLUCKY BILL NYE.

AS A TRAVELER HE WRITES HE IS NOT A SUCCESS.

And as a Collector of Cash on Good Security He Is Even Worse Still, but He Is All Right as an Artist.

[Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.]

INDIAN SUMMER IN LONDON.  
Very likely other people have better luck in traveling than I do, for I never feel sure that I am on the right conveyance except when I am on board an ocean steamer and find my name printed on the passenger list. Even on the road from London to Liverpool four years ago, after I had been told by a dozen people that there was no change, I found myself at midnight 50 miles off the road, and would have been 200 if I had not been stopped by the ocean.

The guard looked at my ticket and told me I should have changed at Crewe. I had happened to be in the only car-



ONLY FOURPENCE ON HAND.

riage which did not go through to Liverpool without change. The booking office was closed, the lunch shed was also closed, and I could not learn what to do in order to get to Liverpool in time for my steamer, which would start early and promptly at 12 o'clock the same day, it being now past 12. An hour after I heard a train approaching and saw the window of the booking office slowly open. With my heart in my mouth, I inquired when I could get a train toward Liverpool. The agent said I could not get to Liverpool before 2 o'clock Wednesday, which, it struck me, would be an hour after my steamer had gone, and to run and catch up with a steamer that has an hour the start is discouraging.

He told me to take the next train—at 1 o'clock—which was then pulling in. I was just going to buy a ticket, but he saw the one I still had, for the guard did not take it up, and told me that I did not need another ticket. This struck me as very generous, for our railroads make a passenger pay for his ignorance by buying another ticket. So with my old ticket I got aboard and reached Liverpool not at 2 p. m., but at 2 a. m., and slept till 9. However, I was so scared for an hour that my scalp turned perfectly white.

Last week I had an engagement for dinner at 7 and concluded to go by the underground road. As we stopped a minute or two in one of the stations, I got out nimbly and bought a Pall Mall magazine. The train was just starting as I got back and into my car. It turned out, however, to be another carriage, for my umbrella, overcoat and speech were not in the rack where I had left them.

At the next station I got out and tried another car in the brief time I had to do it in, but it was not my car, though it looked the same.

I did this all the way to my destination and then gave it up. I asked an official what to do, for I was in evening dress and a soft cap. He said the quickest way would be to wait there till my train came around again. Meantime he would wire the guard to search for the goods, while I telegraphed the presiding officer of the dinner that a fatal accident had delayed me.

I waited all the evening in the cold until my train made its circle and a porter brought me my stuff. That was one of the best speeches I ever delivered. I delivered it to a messenger boy who took it to the office of a morning paper while I ate a brace of Welsh rabbits by my lonely self and went home.

If a note of invitation should come to me today requesting me to dine at Buckingham palace, I would stipulate that the royal carriage be sent to my lodgings for me in order to avoid the bitter disappointment which would be felt as it settled down like a pall on the household of her most gracious majesty when it should be learned that I was lost in St. John's Wood.

Another annoyance which I seem to have a copyright on is my failure to get money when I run short.

In Paris once I used up my letter of credit sooner than I had expected to do and asked the bank where I had drawn my money before to draw by cable on my home bank. It was done before I

had time to feel the pangs of hunger in a great city and among strangers.

But when I noticed here that I was getting down to where I did not have sovereigns enough for a quorum I went to the bank where I had been doing business and stated the case. The cashier shook his head and said, "We cash Brown Bros' letters of credit, but we do not supply needy Americans with pocket money on short notice, especially when American banks, as at present, can hardly trust each other."

"Why," said he, "I am told that many of you bankers never have over \$50,000 or even less, while ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND here is LAND (B. Nye, Artist), rather inferior that does not carry a capital of £1,000,000 and from that up."

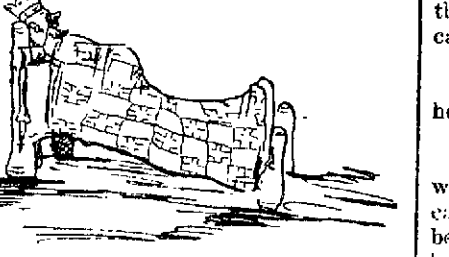
He then went on about his business, shoveling gold into the hopper of a pair of grocer's scales with a copper scoop as he would sugar or salt.

I did not discuss the case with him, but tried other banks, probably 55 or 60 of them. I offered to deposit New York checks and then pay for a cablegram regarding my identity and solvency. Then I produced well known people of England who were acquainted with me, but they were all noble people whom the cashier did not know. Noble people who are unnamed are never recognized by a cashier even in America. It is always Billy the Kid or Shannassy Jim, armed to the teeth, who is recognized and who overdraws his account.

In a few days my sovereigns became shillings, and the time came when I did not ride any more in cabs. I slid into a pawnshop one evening with a notion of leaving my watch, but my courage failed me, so I looked over some goods with the air of a purchaser and then gently got out.

One night I went to bed with only fourpence on hand. In the morning the landlord laid my bill down by my plate at breakfast.

Meantime I had managed to deposit some New York checks with an exchange, and it had sent a messenger boy with them to New York, I judge, to see if they were good, so I looked forward to getting the money inside of seven weeks. Yet inside of that time I might be in the workhouse, and in that way at least reach America, for many workhouse people and paupers are sent to



HENRY VIII (B. Nye, Artist).

America from all over Europe and Great Britain, but that would take time, and I would thus miss the arrangements I had made and paid for in advance for my reception in New York when I returned.

When the landlord laid his bill for the week on my breakfast table, I felt most wretchedly. This is no fancy sketch. It is the truth. I had only fourpence in my pocket. My bill for five suits of clothes was on my fustian up stairs. I resolved to be frank about it, and let the consequences be what they might.

"Mr. Herbert," said I, for that was his name, and I always call a man by his right name if I can remember it, "I shall have no money until the last of next week. The checks have been sent now over 10 days, and the messenger boy is expected back with the money a week from Saturday. But I cannot pay you until then, though I am very sorry."

"Oh, I didn't present the bill for payment," said he, "but so that you would see it if it was right. You can have £40 or £50 if you like any time, sir."

I had not felt hungry before that. My breakfast had a tinge of melancholy to it. Even the big, fat English chops seemed to be covered with regret, but in five minutes I began on that breakfast like a man who has been locked up in a freight car for eight days between Billings and the Bad Lands. Fifty pounds in gold lay on the clean white tablecloth, and the landlord, with a large L stood smiling behind my chair and asking if he could bring me up another breakfast.

I found afterward that I could have saved all my misery if I had gone to the right place, but I have that sort of gift for going to the wrong place and being saluted with a kick in the ribs, which makes me hesitate about traveling, and when I tell my actual experience after I do travel people do not always believe what I say. However, I can give names, dates and numbers of streets in this case.

The past week I have devoted largely to the study of history and the examination of ancient secondhand stores, ancient armor and other kitchen utensils.



IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY (B. Nye, Artist).

I give the royal arms of England from Richard I to Edward III, showing how much improvement has been made in the manufacture of arms since that time. I made the drawing hastily with my new stylographic pen, and so it is a crude affair, but it gives the correct expression on the faces of the kings and shows their manner of walking "edge-ways" after a meeting with closed doors. The jug or flagon at the bottom contains

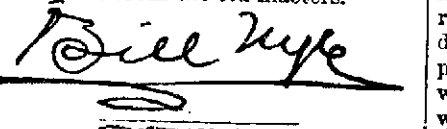
was all. I throw that in myself and a lot of the whole grouping and arrangement of the picture. Sometimes an artist with genius that way can aid the spectator so that at a glance he sees the spirit of the matter.

The peculiar thing on the tail of the middle lion is a bow of blue ribbon which he has attached to his person in a spirit of badinage and to show how contemptuously total abstinence was treated during the reign of Richard I.

The drawing which follows represents Henry VIII reposing on his couch after a hard day's work on the throne. It shows the somewhat crude and unpretentious bed of that period as well as the expression of his nobs while asleep. It is said to be the only portrait of Henry VIII taken while he was asleep. Note the graceful outline of the figure, which is but half concealed by the patchwork bed quilt constructed entirely of neckties and cravats contributed by the king's courtiers.

The third drawing shows in the crudest manner (for I am not an artist and often err even in the simplest principles of art and have on hand three oil paintings now supposed to be by Rembrandt which were done by a painter and grainer from Manchester)—in the crudest manner, I repeat, this drawing shows the ecclesiastical costumes of the twelfth century. The drawing is merely an outline and needs shading and finishing up to give the correct idea, yet the study is made on the spot from a painting of that period.

All of my drawings are made direct from life or from the old masters.



THE BOY'S OPINION.

Detroit possesses a gentleman who thinks he is a fine shot and a great hunter, but there are some dissenters from this opinion. Not long ago he went into the country for a two days' hunt, and the first morning he started off early down the road to a field where he thought he might secure up a rabbit or two. On the fence by the field sat a boy, who surveyed the hunter's elaborate equipment critically.

"What you lookin' for?" he inquired familiarly.

"Rabbits. Have you seen any?"

"Yes," said the boy, nodding toward the field, where a dozen or more cattle were browsing, "there's some over there."

"But I can't go in there," contended the hunter, "I might shoot some of those cattle."

The boy smiled the air.

"Wasn't you down this way last year?" he inquired.

"Yes, for a week."

"I ain't forgot. I seen you shootin' with that same layout. I'm tendin' hem cattle, and if you can't shoot any better than you did last year, I'll risk your littin' anythin' there, unless it is that baystake, and that's purty safe unless you get close enough to set it on fire."

Detroit Free Press.

The Lawyer Answered.

One of Chicago's most prominent lawyers tells a good story on himself. He says:

"It was when I used to practice law in a little town near the center of the state. A farmer had one of his neighbors arrested for stealing ducks, and I was employed by the accused to endeavor to convince the court that such was not his case. The plaintiff was positive his neighbor was guilty of the offense charged against him, because he had seen the ducks in defendant's yard."

"How do you know they are your ducks?" I asked.

"Oh, I should know my own ducks anywhere," replied the farmer, and he went into a description of their different peculiarities whereby he could readily see if it was right. You can have £40 or £50 if you like any time, sir."

"Why," said I, "those ducks cannot be of such a pure breed. I have seen some just like them in my own yard."

"That's not at all unlikely," replied the farmer, "for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."—Farm and Field.

To Be Sure.

Prose is the enemy of poetry, and always has been.

A Quaker who had a young and pretty daughter was awakened one night by some one singing under his window. A certain young gentleman it appeared had mistaken the father's window for the daughter's.

Several airs were sung, and finally the serenader struck into "Home, Sweet Home." The old gentleman got out of bed and raised the window.

"Young man," said he, "if thou hast a home, and a sweet home, as thou sayest, why don't thee go home?"—Youth's Companion.

An Uneven Distribution.

The professional pessimist came into the office looking absolutely cheerful.

"Well," they asked him, "what is the new cause of complaint this morning?"

"I was thinking how unjust things were arranged for a man who has a corn. It gets its worst, mashing from the man who is too heavy to knock down."—Indianapolis Journal.

Explained.

Briggs—I saw a district messenger boy in a horse car get up and give his seat to a lady the other day.

Griggs—What suggested the idea to him?

Briggs—He wanted to get out.—Life.

Appropriate.

"I have invented a new bicycle which I am going to call 'The Brazilian.'"

"Why?"

"Because it makes revolutions so easily."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Signs of It.

"Is Smith really going to practice law out in Arizona?"

"I should think so. He sold his library and bought half a dozen revolvers."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

# THE HEAT OF THE SUN

AN INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION PROMOTED BY ITS USE.

It Will Melt a Rock Instantly as Big as a Freight Car—A Washington Man with Hopes to Revolutionize Methods of Obtaining Power.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—It is not in this Capital City, this city of peace and society, of laziness and intrigue that one would naturally turn for the signs of a coming industrial revolution. And yet information has reached me of possibilities which are too vast to be easily credited and which have had their origin in this town. A Washington inventor will soon give to the world what he confidently believes to be the greatest industrial revolution effected since the introduction of steam power in the world. He is not alone in this belief. Men of great practical skill or scientific attainments who have had an opportunity to note what he has accomplished join with this inventor in the declaration that the world is upon the eve of one of those topsy-turvyings of industrial and mechanical forces which come about once in one or two centuries.

Taming the Sun's Rays.

The inventor has plans which, if fully realized (and his prospects for doing so are now very bright), will revolutionize all known methods of obtaining power. He proposes to extract power from the rays of the sun and to apply it to all industrial purposes. Inasmuch as this power is simply heat, it can be used wherever heat is now used—for the warming of buildings, the making of steam and all manufacturing processes. This idea of taking heat directly from the sun is not a new one. Innumerable inventors have worked upon it and have met with more or less success in application of the simple principle that if we use a reflecting surface and concentrate a large number of the rays of the sun into one spot we shall obtain a fierce heat. This part of the operation is comparatively simple. Scoresby, the famous whaling captain of the north of England, used to astonish his sailors in the arctic region by carving out a smooth, solid piece of ice and making a mirror of it and then lighting his pipe from the heat of the focused rays of the sun. This was done, too, greatly to the amazement of the sailors, without any melting of the ice. The rays were reflected without absorption and without wasting of the cold mirrors.

An Obsolete Overcome.

An industrial revolution could not be effected by simply extracting heat from the rays of the sun. If it could, it would have been effected long ago. The trouble is that the sun does not shine all the time. He might not be shining at the very hour that power was most wanted. A factory could not afford to shut down when a cloud obscured the heavenly luminary, or to stop operation during all the days in which the sun was not visible in the heavens. If the sun motor is to be limited to the time when it will work directly by reflected rays, it is a failure, and it is against this great obstacle that every sun motor inventor has hitherto come to a stop. It has been the stone wall he could not climb over.

Now we are promised, in addition to an improved method of obtaining the heat when the sun does shine, a successful method of storing the heat thus obtained. We are promised a plan by which the heat thus obtained can be bottled up in reservoirs, just as the gas companies confine the product of their factories. I am able to state from positive knowledge that enough has been accomplished in this direction to make it reasonably certain that complete success will follow further development of the idea.

A General Principle.

The time may be near at hand when a man may put a sun reflector, costing a few dollars, upon the roof of his building. During the days the sun shines enough heat will be reflected to warm the rooms underneath, and in addition to run a steam engine, or to do any work requiring power or heat. Moreover, the surplus heat will be stored away in a reservoir, and can be used when wanted—at night, when the sun is on the other side of earth, or during cloudy days or storms. With a reservoir of heat that has cost nothing, the owner of the building may turn a stop cock, just as he would turn the faucet of the water pipe or the stop cock of the gas jet, and take heat as he needs it. What could be done by a householder could be done by a great factory. If the principle will work in a small way, it will work on a large scale. All the steam engines in the world may be run by the heat extracted from the direct rays of the sun a decade, or a generation hence. Railway trains, steamships, all sorts of industrial operations, may be carried on by this power that costs nothing and that is always present in the world and in almost every part of it. Power without cost would be an industrial revolution indeed. The imagination is scarcely equal to a realization of its immensity, of the true significance, of such a statement.

What Old Sol Has Wrought.

Many a man has thought that we are now going about utilization of the marvelous power of the sun, the center and life of the solar system, in an exceedingly awkward manner. Ages and ages ago the sun caused great forests to spring up on the face of the earth and made it possible for changes in the earth's crust which buried those forests deep in the ground. There they began to

burn, and for centuries past man has lived in the earth after these stored up, accumulated masses of material containing the sun's potential energy. On obtaining them, through indescribable efforts and dangers and almost countless sacrifices of human life, he has found it necessary to carry them to the places in which they were to be used, to use myriads of wagons and rail cars for transporting them on land and almost countless sailing and steam vessels for carrying them across the waters. He has had to construct no end of special furnaces and boilers and stoves for utilizing these stored rays of the sun, and in doing so has made himself grimy and dirty and has filled his cities with soot and smoke and gases. In this clumsy, laborious, and energy wasting way has man delivered for and utilized the heat which the sun stored away for him in the earth reservoir so many years ago.

The Common Source.

And all this time the very same sun, with a power so little diminished that the scientists have not been able to measure the loss, was shining upon the very world in which human animals were delving and besotting themselves and their surroundings. Many hours of two-thirds of all the days of the year the sun was pouring down upon the surface of the earth so much of his potential heat that the total of it, when passed at by the smart men who make pretty close guesses at such things, runs to a figure absolutely appalling. I do not remember the exact figures which they used to give us at school, and I do not know that any one knew whether those figures were in a thousand miles of it or not, but they need to say that the sun had power enough if all its heat were concentrated in one small region instantly to melt a layer of ice 500 miles thick.

At any rate, the sun throws heat enough, during from six to ten hours per day, two out of three days a year, upon an acre of ground—and it may be waste, barren ground at that—to furnish all the power needed for the operation of a factory whose buildings should cover the adjoining 10 acres. With all this heat going to waste all about him, with billions upon billions of times as much heat as is needed by all the people of New York city, for instance, being cast waste on use or profit upon a few hundred acres of swamp land along the Harlem or East rivers, why should man go on digging in the earth and begrudging himself in his efforts to tap the center of all heat in our system for his necessary supply of caloric? Why not take his requirements directly from the common source?

Wonders Claimed For It.

This is the problem the inventor I speak of has been working upon. That he will succeed I have little doubt. The whole question of success is embodied in the storage. With that reduced to a practical basis all the rest is easy. The inventor tells me he can set up one of his machines—a somewhat larger one than the one I saw in operation—and by throwing all its rays in focus at one point instantly melt a rock as big as a freight car. Not only melt it, but convert it into liquid which should run down the hillside like lava. With a little larger reflector—and still small enough to be easily used in practical operations—he could melt the hill itself, burning the forest which covered it as if it were shavings, converting the earth into steam with a little residue of molten stuff, and transforming the very rock into a stream that would pass away. If all this is true—and it is capable of mathematical demonstration—the man of the near future will not laboriously pierce a hole in the mountain when he wants a tunnel. He will not blast and dig and carve when he wants a cutting for a railway. He will instead burn the mountain down, or scorch a hole through it, and do some fine afternoon, as soon as his surveyors have located the spot and the people in the ravine below have been warned to get out of the way of the molten flood.

For the Good of Man.

These are tremendous possibilities, and let no one say they are impossibilities. The Nicaragua canal may be bored out with a looking glass. Man may acquire the art of using the illimitable power of the mighty sun to change the face of earth at his own sweet will. With power which costs him nothing or almost nothing but the setting up of a mirror and a steam engine, or some more simple device for converting heat into motion, man's subjugation of nature and of all substances and obstacles will be complete. If there will be no further use of labor in the coal mines and on the coal carrying transportation lines, there will be no need of even the poorest of earth's mortals suffering with the cold. If the stokers of boilers and drivers of coal carts lose their occupation, if a surveyor and a man with a big looking glass in his hand can go out and build a railroad without the service of an army of workmen, if the coming industrial revolution takes the employment away from one-third of the population of all civilized countries, it will at the same time bring the world so much richer, fill it with so many blessings, that mankind as a whole will be enormously the better and happier for it.

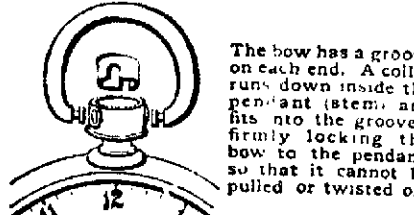
If the world must go on executing murderers and other criminals, a better method of doing it will soon appear. Instead of choking a malefactor with a rope about his neck, cutting his head off with a guillotine, shooting him in the body or shocking his life out with an electric current, we shall turn upon him at the proper moment and by the legal authority the concentrated rays of a 10 foot reflector. Instantly, completely, absolutely, the man disappears. He will not be burned or roasted to death. He will be evaporated. His flesh will have gone off in light and purified vapors. His bones will be converted into the chemical elements of which they are composed. There will not be left of him so much as an atom or a smell.

WALTER WILLIAMS.

Morning paper is going out of fashion abroad. Instead a little triangle is printed in the corner of the envelope and the note paper.

# Here's the Idea

Of the Non-pull-out Bow



The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant stem, and as the bow is pulled out, the collar locks the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.

Can only be had with cases stamped with this trade mark.

Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases are now fitted with this great bow (ring). They look and wear like solid gold cases. Cost only about half as much, and are guaranteed for twenty years. Sold only through watch dealers. Remember the name.

Non-pull-out

Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

# SULPHUR BITTERS

Ladies:—  
The Secret Of a Fair Face Is a Beautiful Skin.  
Sulphur Bitters Will give you A lovely Complexion.

Send 3 Cents Stamp to A. P. O'Connell & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

No Money Required of Responsible Parties to Commence Treatment.

DOCTOR OTTMAN.

Formerly of New York, now of 1111 FIFTH AVE., New York City, N. Y.

By request of many patients and friends has decided to visit

Masillon, Wednesday, Jan. 17th

Consultation and Examination Free and Strictly Confidential in the Private Parlor of the Conrad Hotel, one day only.

The doctor describes the different diseases better than the sick can themselves. It is wonderful gain for any one to possess. The diagnostic powers have created wonders throughout the country.

The Electrolytic Treatment for all forms of Female Diseases, and the treatment of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Mucous and Erosion of the Uterus, is recognized to be the most successful method ever discovered as used by Dr. Francis C. Ottman.

Dr. O. C. Ottman

FRANCE, MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE, 32 and 34 Rue de Valenciennes, Paris.

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# THE INDEPENDENT.

WEEKLY PUBLISHED IN 1893.  
DAILY PUBLISHED IN 1894.

Telephone No. 50.

THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY,  
INDEPENDENT BUILDING,  
18 North Erie St., - Massillon, O.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1893.

Why don't you resign, McCane? Resign, resign! Nobody wants you to remain on the board of township trustees. Nobody cares to accept orders from your hands. Resign, McCane, resign!

The London Post is shocked because Mrs. Cleveland is occasionally referred to as "Frankie," and adds that "people who tolerate this sort of thing must not be surprised if the President's daughter is in reality stolen."

Minerva, in this country, boasts of a newspaper that is a newspaper. The editor man remarks, this week: "With this issue, the Kodak completes its first year, and smiles with satisfaction over the record it has made as a newspaper. The smile freezes on its lips, however, when its gaze falls upon its bank account. 'Good wishes' and flattering promises do not pay rent or help, buy ink or paper, obtain food or clothes—yet that is what we have received the largest quantity of during the past year. Bah! 'Good wishes' warm the heart, but they have never yet in themselves fed the hungry, clothed the naked, or cured the sick."

## GOOD NEWS, INDEED

The announcement that operations will be resumed at Russell & Co.'s on February 1st is the best news THE INDEPENDENT has been privileged to publish for a number of months. It is true that the firm will start cautiously, and with a small force, but the movement is in the right direction, and will do much to brighten the local outlook. The rolling mill, too, is to have its fires lighted, and altogether the news of today is reassuring. The public mind has been so long accustomed to hearing of these two institutions as working full time and generally behind orders, that anything less was a hard blow. That as spring approaches every manufactory may find a lively demand for all its products is certainly the wish of every human being in Massillon today. If congress will only believe itself and give the country half a chance, that will be the case.

## MR. PEPPER ON THE PLAN.

In his letter to THE INDEPENDENT on the Oxyed road improvement scheme, Senator Sherman denied the constitutionality of the plan. Senator Pepper, of Kansas, as the leading Populist of the country, was at the same time asked by THE INDEPENDENT to state his opinion of the plan, both in its financial and material aspects. Mr. Pepper, in his reply ignores the really interesting phases of the subject, contenting himself with writing:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23. Answering your inquiry of the 18th inst., congress has authority to employ money on public works of any character. It has been frequently done and is being done now. Should it be determined to open national thoroughfares in any part of the country, congress has unquestioned authority to employ and to pay all the men that are needed for that work. This does not imply that any work other than of a national character could be undertaken by congress. Respectfully,  
"W. O. PEPPER."

## A NATIONAL APPEAL.

A communication has been received from the American Protective Tariff League. It declares that the league, in special and extraordinary session on December 16th, responding to the earnest request of wage earners, unanimously agreed that it was necessary to call upon the press of the United States to urge every patriotic citizen to assist in defeating the proposed Wilson free trade tariff, which is now before congress. If this measure becomes a law, the demand for labor in all productive employments in this country will be decreased. This will reduce the wages and earnings of every man, woman or child among us; permanently lower the standard of living in this country and, reduce the purchasing power of our wage earners who constitute the great consuming force in this land.

Every person, rich or poor, high or low, old or young, who is not in favor of lower wages and less comfort in life, should at once write a postal card to the congressman from his or her district, protesting against the passage of this bill and demanding that the McKinley tariff be left unchanged. Write a postal card today, and urge every friend of yours to do the same. Perhaps, your effort will defeat free trade and save protection.

## MISS ZERBE'S BOOK.

"Pine from the Plateau" is the title Miss Ida Zerbe has given to a little white bound book, fresh from the press, containing a series of letters that appeared in another form, from time to time, during the continuance of the World's Fair. The dainty volume is inscribed to Miss Zerbe's mother, contains a portrait of the author and a number of World's Fair pictures. Miss Zerbe's pages give

opportunity to all to live over their experiences in that realm of bliss, for an hour or two, and are so delightfully readable that she is to be thanked for having put her newspaper waifs in more enduring form. The one letter which appeared in THE INDEPENDENT over the signature of "Zie" is indicative of the character of the others. The story of the woman in the Art building, who inquired of the guard what structure it might be and received the answer, "Adam, you are in the New England clam bake," finds many fellows equally good scattered through this book's leaves, amply disproving the charge that no woman can tell a story. Local color, breezy description, and flashes of wit all help to enliven these letters from one who went to the Fair with eyes that saw everything from the Ferris wheel to the "fishy catalogue."

## MUST BE VACCINATED.

Important Action Taken by the Board of Health.

A special meeting of the board of health was held last night, and action taken on a matter of most vital importance. A special committee appointed at the last meeting of the board reported that arrangements have been made so that in case of an epidemic of disease tents for the accommodation of patients could be procured at two or three days' notice. The question of how to manage diphtheria was brought up, and some of the opinion of the board were of the opinion that a number of the local physicians had not reported cases of that disease as promptly as they should, and it was urged that stricter precautions be exercised in the future. The most important action of the evening was the framing of the following order:

"It is hereby ordered by the board of health of Massillon, Stark county, O., that on and after January 3, 1894, no child shall be admitted to any public, private or parochial school in the city of Massillon, Stark county, O., without presenting a physician's certificate of having been successfully vaccinated or of having had small pox."

The board decided in discussing the above order, that exceptions to it would be made provided that a physician's certificate stating that the child who presented it was not in proper physical condition to be vaccinated, were furnished.

The issuing of an order of such a nature as the above, and in such positive terms, is undoubtedly the best plan that could have been devised to prepare for and prevent the spread of diphtheria or any other malignant disease that may develop in Massillon.

Steps similar to those taken at last night's meeting are already being put in force by the board of health of Perry township, and Clerk Hemperly has notified the township school board to require all children attending the township schools to present certificates of vaccination on January 3, 1894.

## Ask Your Friends

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and who speak of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. Simply ask Hood's Sarsaparilla, and who tells the story of its merit. One has been cured of indigestion and dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for sick headache or biliousness, while others report remarkable cures of scurf, catarrh, rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.

## Hood's Pills are purely vegetable

Specimen Cases  
S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at Z. T. Baltzly's Drug store.

## SEVENTY-FIVE CONVULSIONS.

A Thrilling Experience.  
There is no one but at some period in life has an experience that stands out prominently beyond all others. Such was the case of John B. Collins, of Souders, Mich., who says: "From September to January, before using Nervine, I had at least seventy-five convulsions. After three months' use I have no more attacks." Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine also cures nervous prostration, headache, poor memory, dizziness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, etc., and builds up the body. Mrs. J. R. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., and J. R. Miller, of Loganport, Ind., each gained 20 pounds of flesh by taking it. Sold by Z. T. Baltzly on a guarantee. Get the doctor's book, free.

## Do You Raise Crops?

If you do, drop in and see THE INDEPENDENT's Farm Ledger. Keep account of your time, oats, corn, wheat, and so on. It is a great work. Every farmer needs one. Price one dollar. Buy by subscribing for the WEEKLY INDEPENDENT (either a new subscription or a renewal) you can get the Farm Ledger and the WEEKLY INDEPENDENT for one year for one dollar. Drop in and see this splendid premium. It is well designed for its purpose.

For the Christmas and New Year holidays, excursion rates will apply between all stations on the O. C. & C. railway, also to points on other lines. Tickets on sale December 23rd, 24th, 25th, 30th and 31st; 1893, and January 1st, 1894, limit for return until January 2nd, 1894. Apply to ticket agents for full particulars.

## What's the Use of Talking

About colds and coughs in the summer time. You may have a tickling cough or a little cold or baby may have the cough. You ought to know that Parrot Cough Syrup is the best cure for it. For sale by Morgenthaler & Heister.

# MISS KRATZCH THE WINNER

SHE IS THE OWNER OF "THE INDEPENDENT" PRIZE PIANO.

Thousands of Votes Cast Between Morning and Noon on Dec. 26—Miss Oberlin Follows Miss Kratzch—Miss Brannan Third, and Miss Wiseman Fourth

Emma Kratzch, 25, 422  
M. W. Oberlin, 17, 473  
Miss Brannan, 9, 749  
Miss Nan E. Wiseman, 8, 776

Miss Emma Kratzch is the winner of the prize piano, manufactured by Meuser & Co., and offered with the compliments of THE INDEPENDENT to the Stark county teacher who should receive the greatest number of ballots cut from the columns of this paper. The figures given above show the relative strength of the four leading contestants, who gave evidence some time ago that the prize rested between them. The piano is now in Meuser & Co.'s store room, and is the property of Miss Kratzch. It will be delivered at her convenience, wherever she may direct.

## THE OFFICIAL COUNT.

The poll was closed at precisely 12 o'clock Friday, and the count was commenced immediately, being concluded at 7 o'clock, by Messrs. W. R. and L. P. Lippe, Albert Ellis and Oscar S. Kratzch were present during the entire time as the representatives of Mr. Oberlin and Miss Kratzch, respectively and Charles Wiseman was present during a part of the time. The official finding follows:

MASSILLON, O., Dec. 22, 1893.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we have counted all the ballots cast in THE INDEPENDENT piano contest for the most popular teacher in Stark county and find their result to be correct as stated below.

W. R. LIPPE,  
L. P. LIPPE.

## Witnesses.

ALBERT ELLIS,  
OSCAR S. KRATZCH.

Emma Kratzch	25,422
M. W. Oberlin	17,473
Miss Brannan	9,749
Miss Nan E. Wiseman	8,776
Alice Young	347
Miss Cora Penberthy	228
Miss Desie Graybill	149
Miss Alice Sweeney, Canton	108
Miss Elita Putt, Canal Fulton	189
Clark Metzger	51
Nanetta Sprenger	23
Miss Nora Garver, Navarre	13
Mary Dressler	21
G. B. Eggert	7
Clara Stover, Canal Fulton	8
Mr. Reed, Navarre	5
D. W. Shetler, Justus	4
Arlotta Yost	3
J. E. McFarren, Justus	3
Charles Shetler, Canton	2
Maggie Remmings	2
Miss Cook, Canton	2
A. L. Mayer, Sippo	2
Thos. Prindville, Canton	2
Prof. L. G. Graves	2
Enoch Stewart	1
Miss Foutz, Navarre	1
Mr. Wetter, Navarre	1
H. A. Backderf, Canal Fulton	1
Edward Bowers	1
W. Howenstein, Beach City	1
J. B. Fineston	1
Miss Lilly Kyle	1
Miss Cora Peters, West Brookfield	1

## THE TOTAL VOTE.

The above gives a faint idea only of the total vote. In order to facilitate the count, it was decided at the outset of the contest, to make the figures official once a week, so that when the final rush came there would be only the ballots of a single week to go over. When candidates withdrew their votes, the total of such votes can only be estimated. Thousands of votes prepared for Sister Josephine were never cast at all. It was found yesterday that several hundred, possibly several thousand blank coupons had been voted. The four leading candidates had 61,420 votes at the close of the contest. Not less than 30,000 votes that were actually cast, can be credited to teachers who withdrew from time to time, so that it is fairly estimated that the grand total of votes cast reached 100,000.

## THE WINNER OF THE PRIZE.

When an INDEPENDENT reporter visited Miss Kratzch, this morning, at her home, 20 Henry street, the winner of the prize piano, like the exemplary young woman that she is, was found in the midst of the Christmas baking. She very modestly refrained from saying much about her own energy and persistence that she might have said, and told the simple story of her life directly and well. She was born in Wilnot in 1874, and is the before 19 years of age. Her father is employed at the rolling mill. She graduated from the Wilnot high school in 1888, and was the youngest pupil who ever received a diploma from that institution. She began teaching at Souder's school, near Strasburg, in the spring of 1890, and has taught in the Cherry street building, Massillon public schools for two years, having succeeded Miss Lottie Lavers. She is a member of the Lutheran church, and secured her education by the hardest kind of work. In addition to her duties as teacher in the public schools, and in her own household, she teaches forty children, many of whom cannot read, Sunday afternoons at Faith Lutheran church. Without disparagement to any of the other contestants, it may safely be added that Miss Kratzch is in every way worthy of the instrument now her own.

## A Friendly Leg Breaking.

Edward Oliver, while engaged in a friendly wrestling match with a friend in a West Side saloon, Saturday night, was thrown and had a leg broken.

## A Little Fatherly Advice.

"If you ever marry," said an old gentleman to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the getting of a meal, taste enough to dress herself, pride enough to use Dr. Peirce's Favorite Prescription whenever she needs it." The experience of the aged has shown the "Favorite Prescription" to be the best for the cure of all female weaknesses and derangements. Good sense is shown by getting the remedy from your druggist and using it whenever you feel weak and debilitated. It will invigorate, and can do no harm.

# THE PRIZE PIANO.

Echoes From the Late Most Popular Teacher Contest.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to make the columns of THE INDEPENDENT the medium for expressing my thanks to all who kindly worked and voted for me in the recent contest. I am not known personally to many of you, but through the columns of this valuable paper I want to say, I thank you one and all. I can not and will not specify to any great extent, but want to say that I am especially grateful to my friends, the children, who have so enthusiastically supported me. And furthermore, that my hearty thanks are given to the friends of Sister Josephine who, after the withdrawal of their favorite teacher, kindly voted for myself. I shall value my piano and will ever speak to me of the good will of my friends whose efforts won it for me. In return I can only say, and say it gratefully, I thank you, thank you!

## EMMA KRATZCH.

Miss Sallie Brannan desires it stated today, that the knowledge of the many friends who cast their piano coupons for her is worth more than a dozen pianos, and that the little notes accompanying some of the votes in her favor, like the one mentioned as coming from Cleveland, warmed her heart like old wine. She wishes to express her deepest appreciation of the effort made to give her the popular vote.

## SHE STRANGLED TO DEATH.

NORTH LAWRENCE, Dec. 25.—Mrs. Hannah Bolar, aged 64 years, who resides here, strangled to death on Sunday evening, during an epileptic fit. Mrs. Bolar has been subject to these spells, and was overcome while preparing to retire, falling in such a position upon the floor that she strangled before aid could reach her. Mr. Bolar, who was asleep in the room, was awakened by the fall, but did not arise for several moments, hearing no sound. He finally investigated the matter, and found his wife upon the floor, lifeless. Coroner Conklin was summoned, and will render a verdict of accidental death.

## Two Christmas Fires.

The fire department was called to the Columbian Paper Company's mill at 11:30 o'clock Saturday night to extinguish a fire that had its origin in one of the straw stacks near the mill. The timely arrival of the department undoubtedly prevented a big conflagration and only about \$15 worth of straw was burned. Another fire was discovered by some boys at the Massillon Water Supply Company's reservoir at 8:45 last night. The building was empty, and the blaze was kept under control by a bucket brigade until the department arrived, when it was easily quenched. The building was somewhat scorched but the loss was small. It is supposed that the fire was started by straws dropping matches in some traps on the floor.

## He Will Go to California.

James R. Dunn will leave for San Francisco after the holidays, to act as special agent of the treasury department at the California Mid-Winter Fair. The duties will correspond with those which Mr. Dunn discharged at the World's Fair, and require an accurate knowledge of values and classifications covering the entire range of human productions. Mr. Dunn's experience and success at Chicago were such that it was very natural that he should be detailed to represent the department at San Francisco.

## A Card of Thanks.

I wish to express my sincere thanks to the friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted me during the illness and death of my mother, Mrs. Catherine Scharies.

## PERSONAL.—Bear in mind one thing,

that if business, necessity or pleasure calls you away at any time, be particular to have your route fully decided and arranged upon before starting. Many things should be taken into consideration, especially the inducements offered by the Wisconsin Central Company to those who wish to visit St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, West Superior, Duluth or any point in Wisconsin. Their trains leave Chicago at convenient hours. Their equipment is unsurpassed by any line in the North-west. Close connections are made at St. Paul and Minneapolis with the various lines running to all California and Pacific coast points. Ask your nearest ticket agent for full information, and be particular to see that your tickets read via the Wisconsin Central lines. James C. Pond, Genl. Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

## To My Friends.

As you are well aware that I would not recommend that which I did not believe to be good, I desire to say to all who need a good, reliable family medicine, that I believe one bottle of Sulphur waters will do you more good than any other remedy I ever saw.—Rev. Ophias Soule.

## Holiday Excursions.

On December 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1893, and January 1, 1894, excursion tickets at low rates will be sold from Massillon to all points on the Pennsylvania line west of Pittsburgh to points on those lines in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and West Virginia. Return coupons will be valid until January 2. For details please apply to nearest Pennsylvania line ticket agent.

## Special Low Rates.

The Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling R'y Co. will make special low rates for Christmas, December 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1893, and January 1, 1894, and including January 2, 1894. For New Years, selling December 30 and 31, 1893, and January 1, 1894, with limit for return passage up to and including January 2, 1894. For information on excursion tickets apply to any agent of the O. C. & C. R'y, O. S. Belknap, T. P. A., Massillon, O., or address J. E. Terry, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

Columbus 12 mos reduced to 121 cts. at Balmey-Spalding Co.

# COURT HOUSE AND CANTON.

CANTON, Dec. 26.—Jule Klein, a wealthy saloonkeeper in this city, dropped dead at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon in his place of business, in West Tuscarawas street. Klein conducts two saloons, one in Court street, and of late has been drinking heavily. He was in the act of serving a customer when stricken down. Coroner Conklin's verdict will be death from paralysis of the heart caused by habitual drinking. Klein was 43 years of age and leaves a wife and three children.

## A MASSILLON CASE.

John Soison, a W. & L. E. employee at Massillon, was found guilty in probate court, Saturday, of malicious destruction of property. He will be sentenced January 3rd. He was charged that Soison had torn down a stable not on the company's property. He was employed as a building contractor and tore down the stable in question during the erection of the dispatcher's office in that city. The company will support him in the case.

## TWO CIVIL PROCEEDINGS.

Orlando Culler has commenced legal proceedings against Christena and William Speck, through Attorneys Pease, Baldwin & Young, to recover the amount in the sum of \$38.80. The judgment is alleged to be due the plain defendant on a promissory note given and signed by the defendants. Charles L. Selingham has commenced proceedings against Charles O. Cook, petitioning for judgment in the sum of \$457.

The will of Martin Wikidal was filed for probate on Saturday. The deceased requested within the will that R. S. Smeids be appointed executor and that the property be equally divided among his heirs.

J. H. Ross has been appointed administrator of the estate of William Ross, of Waynesburg.

## REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Massillon, fourth ward—Mark W. Watson to the Massillon school board, lots numbering from 1,535 to 1,551, \$2,000.

CANTON, Dec. 27.—Wm. H. Palmer has commenced divorce proceedings in court against Florence Palmer. The plaintiff claims he and the defendant were married at Alliance in 1887, and since that time the latter has been guilty of extreme cruelty repeatedly towards her husband. During the plaintiff's illness with typhoid fever, which rendered him helpless and bedfast, he claims that his wife struck him, called him vile names, and refused to prepare food for him. The wife is next charged with leaving for Pittsburgh, telling her helpless husband that she loved another man. The plaintiff therefore prays for a divorce and the custody of their four-year-old child.

## THEY DANCED AT CANTON.

A pleasant social event in military circles was the inspection and dance given at Company F's quarters Tuesday night. At 7:30 o'clock thirty eight men fell in line, and in the presence of Capt. Evan Johnson, U. S. A., who accompanied the boys on their excellent appearance and the proficiency shown by them in drill work. The drill for the captain's prize medal lasted twelve minutes. Private Will Nunnaker being the last man to go down. Dancing was commenced at 9 o'clock, and as there were plenty of pretty girls present, the remainder of the evening passed pleasantly. Thayer's military orchestra played during the inspection and for dancing. Col. George R. Geyer, Sergeant Major Gygler and Lieut. Johnson, of Alliance, Adjutant W. T. Johnson, of Canton, and the officers of Companies I and L were among the guests.

## A SUIT FOR HEAVY DAMAGES.

A damage suit was filed this morning in which Margaret Shan brings action against the Canton Spring Company praying for judgment in the sum of \$10,000. Christian Shan, the husband of the plaintiff, was employed as night watchman at the spring company's works. While performing his duty Shan fell into a well which had been carelessly left open by the men employed by the company and received injuries which caused his death.

## A NOTION DEALER ASSIGNS.

Daniel Spotts, a dealer in notions, who conducts a store in this city and one in Wooster, assigned yesterday to Atlee Pomeroy. The assets of both stores will amount to \$7,500, and the liabilities will not exceed that sum.

## A NEWSPAPER MAN'S MARRIAGE.

Ber Williamson, city editor of the News Democrat, will be married today in Defiance, to Miss Conkle, of that town. Heartiest congratulations will follow this happy event.

## FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

Louisa M. Jacquet, of Louisville, has come into court with a petition asking for judgment against Adam T. Pearson for \$6,000. She says they were to have been married on September 27, and that that day she and Pearson turned tail and fled and has not since been seen.

## SHE WILL PROBABLY DIE.

Miss Maria Link, a domestic employed at C. C. Cook's residence, made a false move with a keen knife, while cutting up some taffy, a few days ago, and cut her right thigh in such manner that her death is now expected hourly.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Henry C. Le Bean and Susan O. Koerber, of Richville; Emanuel Rose and Elsie Conrad, of Washington township; Wm. H. McLaughlin and Mary Miller, of Massillon; Harry Smith and Edith Wirebaugh, of Canton, and Barney J. Pash and Eva Abele, of Crystal Springs.

Marriage licenses have been granted to William E. Baer and Alice Conrad, of Canton; Harmon Hershey and Ada Dyer, of Pierce; J. O. Harrison and Leah Marchamer, of Hartsville.

## REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Massillon Second Ward: W. W. Hazard to Charles Underwood, lot No. 676, \$300.

Massillon Fourth Ward: Brigetta Weatherv to Anna J. Dirgler, 10-100 out of 32 100 acre, \$160.

The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappears. Get only Hood's.

# EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.

Movements in the Line of Intellectual Development.

The third annual meeting of the Ohio State Academy of Science will be held in Columbus on December 28 and 29. All persons interested in science are invited to become members. Among the papers already received for the coming meeting is one on "The Pheogamic Flora of Stark County" by Melville Overhard, of Massillon. Among the other writers of papers are W. A. Kellerman, W. C. Werner, E. M. Wilcox, Dr. E. W. Claypole and D. S. Kelliboot.

The Ohio state board of examiners will meet in Columbus this week. The examination will be held in the hall of the house of representatives. It will begin on Tuesday and continue through Thursday. There are 105 applicants. The board of examiners as at present constituted is as follows: E. A. Jones, president, Massillon; James W. Knott, clerk, Massillon; J. C. Hartzler, Newark; Lewis D. Bonebrake, Mt. Vernon; J. P. Sharkey, Eaton.

The tenth meeting of the Examiners' Association of Ohio will meet in Columbus today and Wednesday. The topics are all of the most practical character.

The executive committee of the Ohio Teachers' Association will meet in Columbus on Monday evening, January 1, 1894. The committee will decide upon the time, place and programme for the next annual meeting of the association.

## RESIGN, McCANE, RESIGN!

Not a Single Voice Has Been Lifted in His Favor.

The township trustees will meet on Friday night of this week. They hope that before the meeting takes place that Trustee John McCane will have had grace enough to resign. The story of his alleged disgraceful conduct scandalized the city last week, and the feeling prevails, so Trustees Dangler says, that every day McCane remains in office is another blot upon the community.

"Every man I meet," says Mr. Dangler, "speaks about McCane. They all want him to get out, and get out quick. He doesn't seem to have a friend in town. Everybody brings to light some new phase in his conduct. He hasn't the courage to demand an investigation and so far he has not shown intelligence enough to resign. For my part, I should think he'd want to retire and get into his hole and pull the hole in after him. We have refrained from holding a special meeting in order to give him a chance to resign."

## Beware of Outlets for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

## Rheumatism Cured in a Day

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes the cause of the disease immediately disappears. The first dose gratefully benefits, 75c. Sold by Morgenthaler & Heister's druggist, Massillon O.

## The old reliable Banner leads them all.

This excellent soap is retailed by grocers and sold by C. L. McLain & Co. Send in face of wrappers for pictures etc. See list on inside wrappers. Manufactured only by the Jos. Biechle Soap Co.

Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive real estate dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest attacks of pneumonia while on the northern part of that state during the recent blizzard. He says the Saturday Review Mr. Blaize had occasion to drive several miles during the storm and was so thoroughly chilled that he was unable to get warm, and inside of an hour after his return he was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia or lung fever. Mr. Blaize sent to the nearest drug store and got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses. He says the effect was wonderful and in a short time he was breathing quite easily. He kept on taking the medicine and the next day was able to come to Des Moines. Mr. Blaize regards his cure as simply wonderful. For sale by Morgenthaler & Heister.



## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Discovered this week by Independent investigators.

J. E. McCoy is in Bridgeport. James Selway has returned from Illinois.

Richard Johns has returned from Youngstown.

The Rev. E. P. Wise is visiting his father at New Berlin.

James Clause, of Uhrichsville, is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Soudecker, of Wooster, is the guest of Miss Clara Yost.

Mrs. M. C. Hardgrove is visiting relatives in Cambridge, O.

George Pauli, of Wooster, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary Pauli.

Clarence McClinton, of Pittsburg, is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Nellie Gribble is home from Cleveland to spend the holidays.

Ernest Merrell is visiting his sister, Mrs. Sherman Fox, at Galion, O.

Mr. and Mrs. James Geoghan, of Smithville, are visiting in the city.

Miss Theresa Wittmann is visiting her brother and family in Alliance.

The St. Barbara's church fair at West Brookfield yielded a profit of \$600.

Miss Abbie Eppe, of Urbana, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Otto Von Kanel.

Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, of Cincinnati, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. E. H. Monteith.

Miss Della Stansbury, who has been visiting friends in Ravenna, has returned home.

Miss Laura Lantzer, of Canton, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Wagner, in Water street.

Mrs. Daniel Kitchen and daughters are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Sladen in Cleveland.

O. L. Downey, of Norwalk, has removed his family to Massillon, and resides in Bank street.

Mrs. Kate Dodd, of Toledo, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Peter Kerstetter, in Maskington street.

Mrs. Nettie Myers, of Atwater, O., is the guest of her uncle, Mr. T. R. Richmond, in Plum street.

William J. Rose, private secretary to Albert M. Wetter, is visiting his parents in Johnstown, Pa.

Miss Alice Densmore, of Cleveland, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Alvin Robinson, in East Cherry street.

Mrs. Lewis Keller and son, of Duncan street, are visiting Mrs. Keller's parents in Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. W. Graham, who has been confined to her home with a severe attack of the grip, is slowly improving.

Anton Crone, accompanied by his daughter Helen, left last night for Brooklyn to visit his son, Frank Crone.

Albert M. Wetter has returned from Columbus bringing with him a troupe of seven dogs that do everything but talk.

Mr. J. S. Hageman, of Buffalo, N.Y., spent Christmas with his daughter, Mrs. George E. Dannon, of Akron street.

Joseph Davenport, of Zoar, will spend the winter with his daughter, Mrs. H. B. Coleman in North East street.

Mrs. H. Cohn, of Cleveland, accompanied by her son, Abraham, is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Goodhart, at the Conrad.

L. W. Davis, of Norton, O., is spending the holidays in this city, the guest of his son-in-law, Rev. W. H. Schultz and family.

Miss Annie Peacock, now of Cambridge, Ind., arrived Saturday and will spend the holidays with her father, James Peacock.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brider and Miss Ruth Roth, of Youngstown, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Smith, in North Hill street.

John Piper and family are moving their household goods to Postoria, where Mr. Piper has taken a position with the Harter Milling Company.

The third battalion of the Eighth Regiment, consisting of Co's A, D, I, L and F will escort Governor McKinley on the occasion of his second inauguration.

W. H. Stark, master car builder of the W. & L. E. road, has notified Agent E. P. Edgar, of this city, to furnish him with a list of all empty houses in Massillon.

Arrangements are pending for a visit from a slate writing spiritualistic medium, who is just now attracting considerable attention at New Philadelphia.

The fee ordinarily charged for vaccinating children is one dollar for the first operation and 50 cents for succeeding ones, providing the first is unsuccessful.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Dunn and children, John and Margery, arrived home from Chicago on Saturday and are visiting Mrs. Dunn's mother, Mrs. M. A. Brown.

Each of the fourteen men, of the Ft. Wayne and O. & W. yard engine crews received today his annual Christmas present of a turkey, from Jas. Corns, of the Massillon rolling mill.

Adam Holderbaum, of Ohio, Butte county, Cal., is visiting his brother, near the city. Mr. Holderbaum left Massillon for California twenty-five years ago, and this is his first visit during that time.

Miss Ida Jones, of West North street, is spending the holidays in Massillon. John Bevington and family, of Massillon, are among the holiday visitors.

Will Smarey and family, of Massillon, were among the host of Xmas visitors. —Wooster Republican.

Mrs. John Howard, of Akron street, was called to Canal Dover on Christmas morning by the death of her sister, Mrs. Mary A. Dunlap, formerly of this city, but who moved to Canal Dover five or six years ago. She would have been 50 years old next March.

Miss Beesie Harrison, who is taking

## GOOD ROADS NEEDED

Arrangements being made for the Columbus Meeting.

The Columbus meeting of the Ohio Institute of Mining Engineers will be held in the Junior room, Y. M. C. A. building, Columbus, beginning at 7 o'clock p. m., on Wednesday, Jan. 17. There will be forenoon, afternoon and evening meetings on Thursday and Friday; there will be a free excursion to Congo, in Perry county, with a view of visiting the new and modern equipped mine of H. D. Turney & Co. This will be a treat that no one can afford to miss. The complete programme will be issued later. The secretary has already been notified of the following papers to be read at the meeting; others will probably come later. Among the list will be found some of great importance in the several growing industries:

"Some Notes on the Work of the U. S. Coast Survey in S. E. Alaska, accompanied by Stereoscopic Views," by Prof. Henry C. Lord, U. S. N.

"Paper, Title to be announced later, by Prof. Edward Orton, State Geologist, O. S. N."

"The Mining and Its Duties," by William E. Tibbs, M. E. S. C. O.

"The Development and Equipment of the Congo mine in Perry County, O.," by Frank A. Ray, engineer in charge, Congo, O.

"Paper, subject to be announced later, by Prof. W. W. Sperry, O. S. N."

"Paper, subject to be announced later, by William Phillips, Akron, O."

"Experience with Mines which Generate Fire Damp in the Connellsville Coke Region," by Hon. Frederick Keckley, ex-United States Senator, and now superintendent for the Oliver-Coke Works, Connellsville, Pa.

"On the Harbors Self Acting Tippers," illustrated by the aid of a model, by Henry H. North, consulting at E. C. (Cincinnati, O.)

"The Mine Foreman and His Duties," by William E. Tibbs, M. E. S. C. O.

"The Development of the No. 2 coal in Jackson County, O.," by J. A. Kido, M. E. S. C. O.

"Compressed Air and the Economy in It," by J. A. Kido, M. E. S. C. O.

"What I Saw in the Connellsville Coke Region," by Capt. J. L. Morris, U. S. N."

"The Grouping of the Coal Strata," by K. E. Wilford, Hanging Rock, O. The paper was read at the last meeting, but will be read and discussed by Prof. Edward Orton, state geologist, in accordance with a resolution that effect passed by the institute.

"The meetings are open to the public, and a large attendance of those interested in the mining industries is expected. You are cordially invited to attend and participate in the discussion."

PROF. N. W. LORD, Secretary.

R. H. HASLETINE, President.

JOHN M'BRIDE'S LETTER

He Tells What the Coming Organization Should Be.

John McBride having been asked by Jos R. Buchanan to state his views on the sort of an organization needed, has sent this letter:

"As a close observer of organized efforts to ameliorate labor's condition, I fully recognize the fruit of our hopes and the gratification of our desires cannot be realized so long as we are so divided that we fight by detail for the establishment of reform measures which would be difficult of accomplishment if attempted by the concerted effort of a united labor force. To carry out the purposes for which labor has organized, and to give greater promise and better results for the future than the present yields, demands, in my judgment, the closing up of the divided ranks of labor by the forming of an alliance that will guarantee concerted action in any movement contemplated along the line of political or economic thought. To unify our forces we must crystallize the varied views of labor leaders and labor organizations and formulate them into a single, compact, and uniform policy, embracing the principles of political and economic questions upon which we are all agreed."

"It is generally conceded that no man or set of men are as well qualified to legislate upon trade matters as are the tradesmen themselves, and by leaving to the trades unions this particular field of work their hearty and earnest co-operation will be assured any general organization of industrial forces which may be established for the purpose of securing the social, political and economic reforms which the present deplorable and unfortunate conditions of our people demand and their needs require."

"The practical and most speedy way to bring about a unification of our forces will be to hold a convention made up of a limited number of delegates from all organized labor bodies in the country. Such a conference would detect and eliminate the defects of our present system of organization, and the good judgment of assembled delegates would provide a sound, safe and comprehensive basis for a new, grander and more serviceable labor organization than the world ever knew."

JOHN M'BRIDE.

I had a severe attack of catarrh and became so deaf I could not hear common conversation. I suffered terribly from roaring in my head. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and in three weeks could hear as well as I ever could, and now I can say to all who are afflicted with the worst of diseases, catarrh, take Ely's Cream Balm and be cured. It is worth \$1,000 to any man, woman or child suffering from catarrh.—A. E. Newm'n, Grayling, Mich.

Little, but lively

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## GOOD ROADS NEEDED

Arrangements being made for the Columbus Meeting.

The Columbus meeting of the Ohio Institute of Mining Engineers will be held in the Junior room, Y. M. C. A. building, Columbus, beginning at 7 o'clock p. m., on Wednesday, Jan. 17. There will be forenoon, afternoon and evening meetings on Thursday and Friday; there will be a free excursion to Congo, in Perry county, with a view of visiting the new and modern equipped mine of H. D. Turney & Co. This will be a treat that no one can afford to miss. The complete programme will be issued later. The secretary has already been notified of the following papers to be read at the meeting; others will probably come later. Among the list will be found some of great importance in the several growing industries:

"Some Notes on the Work of the U. S. Coast Survey in S. E. Alaska, accompanied by Stereoscopic Views," by Prof. Henry C. Lord, U. S. N."

"Paper, Title to be announced later, by Prof. Edward Orton, State Geologist, O. S. N."

"The Mining and Its Duties," by William E. Tibbs, M. E. S. C. O."

"The Development and Equipment of the Congo mine in Perry County, O.," by Frank A. Ray, engineer in charge, Congo, O."

"Paper, subject to be announced later, by Prof. W. W. Sperry, O. S. N."

"Paper, subject to be announced later, by William Phillips, Akron, O."

"Experience with Mines which Generate Fire Damp in the Connellsville Coke Region," by Hon. Frederick Keckley, ex-United States Senator, and now superintendent for the Oliver-Coke Works, Connellsville, Pa."

"On the Harbors Self Acting Tippers," illustrated by the aid of a model, by Henry H. North, consulting at E. C. (Cincinnati, O.)

"The Mine Foreman and His Duties," by William E. Tibbs, M. E. S. C. O."

"The Development of the No. 2 coal in Jackson County, O.," by J. A. Kido, M. E. S. C. O."

"Compressed Air and the Economy in It," by J. A. Kido, M. E. S. C. O."

"What I Saw in the Connellsville Coke Region," by Capt. J. L. Morris, U. S. N."

"The Grouping of the Coal Strata," by K. E. Wilford, Hanging Rock, O. The paper was read at the last meeting, but will be read and discussed by Prof. Edward Orton, state geologist, in accordance with a resolution that effect passed by the institute."

"The meetings are open to the public, and a large attendance of those interested in the mining industries is expected. You are cordially invited to attend and participate in the discussion."

PROF. N. W. LORD, Secretary.

R. H. HASLETINE, President.

JOHN M'BRIDE'S LETTER

He Tells What the Coming Organization Should Be.

John McBride having been asked by Jos R. Buchanan to state his views on the sort of an organization needed, has sent this letter:

"As a close observer of organized efforts to ameliorate labor's condition, I fully recognize the fruit of our hopes and the gratification of our desires cannot be realized so long as we are so divided that we fight by detail for the establishment of reform measures which would be difficult of accomplishment if attempted by the concerted effort of a united labor force. To carry out the purposes for which labor has organized, and to give greater promise and better results for the future than the present yields, demands, in my judgment, the closing up of the divided ranks of labor by the forming of an alliance that will guarantee concerted action in any movement contemplated along the line of political or economic thought. To unify our forces we must crystallize the varied views of labor leaders and labor organizations and formulate them into a single, compact, and uniform policy, embracing the principles of political and economic questions upon which we are all agreed."

"It is generally conceded that no man or set of men are as well qualified to legislate upon trade matters as are the tradesmen themselves, and by leaving to the trades unions this particular field of work their hearty and earnest co-operation will be assured any general organization of industrial forces which may be established for the purpose of securing the social, political and economic reforms which the present deplorable and unfortunate conditions of our people demand and their needs require."

"The practical and most speedy way to bring about a unification of our forces will be to hold a convention made up of a limited number of delegates from all organized labor bodies in the country. Such a conference would detect and eliminate the defects of our present system of organization, and the good judgment of assembled delegates would provide a sound, safe and comprehensive basis for a new, grander and more serviceable labor organization than the world ever knew."

JOHN M'BRIDE.

I had a severe attack of catarrh and became so deaf I could not hear common conversation. I suffered terribly from roaring in my head. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and in three weeks could hear as well as I ever could, and now I can say to all who are afflicted with the worst of diseases, catarrh, take Ely's Cream Balm and be cured. It is worth \$1,000 to any man, woman or child suffering from catarrh.—A. E. Newm'n, Grayling, Mich.

Little, but lively

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# Out of the Jaws of Death

By FRANK BARRETT.

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[CONTINUED.]

I was taken down into the yard, where to my great joy, I found Gordon arrayed in a suit similar to my own by which I concluded that he was to go away also. He gave me both hands, and we stood there hand in hand, too grateful to speak at first. "You are going with me?" we said, at last simultaneously.



"You are going with me?" we said, at last simultaneously.

"Yes," said he, "though where we are going I can't say."

"Orkutsk, I believe."

"Orkutsk, hey? Well, that's got a sort of outlandish sound about it. But what does that matter? We shall come here again before very long, that's a certainty. I let the minister have it pretty straight. I can tell you. Thirtynine miles from the Times and all sorts of punishment."

A sledge was brought into the yard, for the ground was already covered with snow. It was drawn by three horses, each with a bell in the nose over the saddle. Inside there was a lot of baggage and letter bags, for this, I believe, was the mail sledge. The driver, a Russian, was a fat, comfortable-looking man with a beard and a couple of plowies. I came sitting in front of him. When we were ready to start, a couple of mounted Cossacks came out.

"This is our baggage," said Gordon. "Didn't I promise you that we should be treated like princes? A prince! Well, till I've let my pipe, and one of us, I know, will be as happy as a king."

The Cossacks, peering in at us, wore the queerest expression imaginable. Never before perhaps had they seen a sledge starting out for Orkutsk with a Jew and a happy-go-lucky air as Gordon's.

"Five o'clock," said Gordon, looking at his watch as we passed under the lamp over the gates of the fortress. "They haven't taken a thing from me, though of course I was searched for incriminating papers—not a thing. That's a convincing proof that our detention was merely formal and that we are bound by nothing stronger than a red tape in fact. I don't feel like a prisoner. Do you, sister Anna?"

It was indeed hard to realize that we were still in the iron grasp of the police when the Cossacks, falling to the rear, were out of sight. My despondent misgivings gave place to the hopeful ideas imparted by my friend, and my spirits rose under the exhilarating influence of the journey. The air, though intensely cold, was bright and clear; the stars shone sharp and bright in the sky; the snow was hard, and the horses sped along swiftly to the musical clank of the bells over their backs.

We did not speak until we reached the posthouse, where the horses were changed. There was a very good lunch, and we started afresh, quite pleased to go on.

"This is something like a journey d'agrément," said Gordon as he lit another pipe and nestled up in his corner.

"Yes, if there's nothing worse than this," said I, but not at all in a tone of misgiving.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### WE MAKE OUR ESCAPE.

It was getting dark when we overtook a train of miserable convicts marching with clanking chains along the road. About an hour later we reached the stage, where we were to stay for the night.

I had heard much of the horrors of these stations and the loathsome "kameras," or sleeping places, in which the convicts were herded, and I had seen them in the collections of paintings exhibited by Taras. I was therefore astonished to find the log hut in which I passed the night so decent and habitable. It was not overcrowded. There was a rug carpet on the floor, and the only real hardship was the absence of bed and bedding, for we had to sleep on a sloping board and in our clothes.

I was much better off than my companion, who was thrust into a den built to accommodate 250 prisoners, with no less than 710 criminals of all sorts, and the horrors of that night were more, I believe, than he could make light of, for he was extremely reticent upon the subject. All that he told me was that he had found no room to lie down and had been left in the atmosphere of his own by smoking all night.

"However," he said cheerfully, "that's all past, and I shall make up for a sleepless night by a good long snooze this afternoon—if we don't come to the end of our journey before."

We went on by another mail sledge, but with the same guard who had left St. Petersburg with us.

These two Cossacks never left us throughout our long journey, which continued without any break until the night halt at a convict station, for three weeks after we had passed through Moscow. Soon after leaving that city behind us I noticed a change in poor Gordon. His spirits seemed to be losing their elasticity, his gaiety to be a little forced, his pipe more necessary.

But despite the bitter reflections that must have arisen to his mind his attitude toward me displayed no sign of animosity. There was no lapse in his gentleness and tender consideration for my comfort. His kindness was unvarying, his common misfortune, which I thought would inhibit our hearts, served only as a link of sympathy to hold us together.

Gordon still spoke hopefully, though at rare and rarer intervals, of our being recalled to St. Petersburg, but for my part I had quite abandoned the hope of any revocation of our fate when an accident occurred which gave a new turn to our fortunes.

One night I was awakened by a strange outcry of distant voices. As I turned upon the wooden platform that served as my

bed, I saw that the guard, who had been sleeping in the next berth, was now sitting up and looking at me.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"That cry of all of 'Shipped to the ground' in a moment, with mingled exclamations of dismay."

The kameras were full of smoke—it choked us as we breathed, and through the small casement a dull red glow fell upon us. When we perceived that it was not our kameras, but another, which was in flames, we concluded that it must be the one in which the men were confined, and struck the matches of our friends, we rushed at the door, vainly trying to break it open.

The muffled clamor of voices told us that the men were still shut up. Suddenly there was a great outburst of voices as they forced their door, and the next instant they were crying to us from the outside of our hut and beating furiously at the door which separated us.

We stood back as the heavy panels creaked under the pressure of sturdy shoulders, and presently a mighty thrust burst the lock away, and the door flew back.

In the midst of the wild confusion that followed I felt my arm grasped and found Gordon by my side.

"Come along, little woman. Don't give way; there's a trick—it's all right."

Half fainting with fright and the suffocating effect of the dense smoke blowing down upon us, I staggered along by his side, past a crowd of panic-stricken wretches surging about the gate of the yard in expectation of its being opened for them to escape, and then through a shower of sparks and past a roaring and crackling mass of fire into an open space, where it was possible to breathe freely and get a comprehensive idea of what was going on.

This stage, like most others, consisted of four or five log buildings of a single story, enclosed by a high palisade of solid logs, planted side by side, and each cut to a sharp point at the top. One of the buildings, used as a storehouse and carpenter's shop, had taken fire, and the wind, which was blowing fiercely, carried the flames and smoke down upon the kameras. The end of that one in which Gordon had been shut up was already blazing, and it looked as if all the huts in succession must catch fire and be destroyed, for the officials could do nothing to extinguish the flames and were so busy occupied in dragging what movables were worth saving into the space where we and a few others stood.

Just in front of us was an ugly little man with a red beard. A sardonic grin was on his implacable face.

"Look at them," he said, pointing to a party of warders hauling along a cumbersome piece of furniture. "Half a dozen men choking themselves to save a piece of wood not worth a couple of kopecks, and not one will stir a foot to prevent those poor wretched devils trampling each other to death at the locked gate."

"Is there any danger here?" I asked. He turned around and answered bitterly.

"Yes, there's the danger of being to see the minutes of karta. Any other bit of Tophat that our body can't in his own consciousness to."

Shading his eyes from the glare of the flames and looking into the smoke, he said:

"If those fools, instead of pounding each other into a pulp, would only pile themselves into a heap systematically, there would be a chance for some of us to snatch a few days' respite in the forest. Hello!"

He exclaimed as a full column of smoke, of flames and sparks, rose from the corner of the kameras. "They're not such fools either. They've got the gate off its hinges—1 in 10. And with that he disappeared into the smoke.

The warders also discovered what had happened. Half a dozen ran across to a shed and returned with rifles in their hands. The noise at the gates was over now. The crackling of timber, the soft whirl of rising flame, an occasional third as a beam fell—these were the only sounds that reached us for a minute or two. Then a shot was fired, and another and another—half a dozen shots perhaps, and two or three yell-answers for echo.

We stood still till the warders returned, one by one, and all was still. Then Gordon, drawing close to me, whispered:

"Shall we try?"

"Yes, yes—we will try," I answered eagerly, for the thought that we also might escape had just then occurred to me.

Gordon slipped down his hand and grasped mine tightly. Between us and the gateway, on which the smoke still blew down in a thick column, charged with whirling sparks and dropping flakes of fiery embers, stood a couple of warders. One was charging his rifle.

"We must make a slip behind them and make a dash for the smoke," said Gordon as we edged that way.

We waited one breathless minute, and then as a roof fell in, throwing up an eddying column of sparks, which drew off the attention of the warders, we slipped quickly behind them and rushed into the smoke.

We were seen. A voice called to us to stop, and a shot was fired after us. But we were already lost to sight. The smoke blinded us, and stumbling over the bodies of those who had been trampled to death in the frantic struggle to escape we reached the open gateway.

As soon as the fire was well light we slipped a narrow trench, about six feet long, in the thick bed of fir needles facing the fire, and framing a kind of roof over it with pine branches piled a mass of twigs and rubbish of all kinds on top so as to exclude the cold air. We both worked with a will, leaving off now and then to put fresh fuel on the fire, and when it was finished felt very well satisfied with our performance.

"Now," said Gordon when we had put the finishing touch to the roof, "creep inside, madam, and see if you can get a few hours' sleep."

"But we have got to make another shelter for you," said I.

"No, one will serve us both—turn and turn about. It won't do to let the fire go down, you know." It was in this way he disguised his fear of attack by wolves—and I promise you to take my full share of rest as soon as you have had your.

I crept into the trench, and stretching myself out at full length found that the springy fir needles made a better bed than the hard planks of the kameras. It was pleasantly warm, too, with the heat thrown out by the fire.

Gordon seated himself at the opening, with his heavy stick beside him, and with a deep sigh of satisfaction lit the first pipe of the day. It was good to see the happy content in his face as he slowly smoked, letting the clouds issue slowly from his lips, and the leaping flames of the fire yonder him. Indeed, but for the craving of hunger, I had no reason to complain, but a good deal to be thankful for.

It was not long before I dropped off, and I slept soundly, as it seemed to me, for a good long while. But when I awoke Gordon declared that it was not yet time to think about changing the watch; so, not unwillingly, but perhaps selfishly, I dropped off again.

I awoke a second time to find him still patiently sitting on guard at my foot, but he gave me the same answer and would not permit me to take his place. And when, after a third stage of sleep, he allowed me

to come out, I saw by the gray light between the trees that the night was past. Then having piled more wood on the fire, and hunched his stick over to me with instructions to give him "a crack over the toes" with it if I heard the slightest sounds or detected any movement in the surrounding trees, he crawled into the trench, and in a few minutes was snoring sonorously.

In a couple of hours he came out, protesting that he could sleep no longer, and having nothing to detain us we recommenced our onward march.

I have no need to dwell on this part of my history, for further testimony to my patient courage, generosity and unswerving kindness of George Gordon is unnecessary, and nothing occurred to break the terrible monotony of our journey through the dreary forest until the fourth day of our escape. In the afternoon of that day we came upon a road cut through the forest and debouching upon the plain. This discovery threw us into a state of intense excitement. It was like a vision of water in the desert.

Not a soul was in sight, but there were marks of sledge runners in the snow which had fallen the day before.

"It's not a main road—that is evident by its narrowness," said Gordon, grasping my hand.

"What shall we do?" I asked, trembling violently.

"If it only leads to a farm, we're all right. No one would be so inhuman as to refuse us food, seeing how pinched and alone we are. If, on the other hand, it leads to a town—why, then, we stand a good chance of being made prisoners again. What do you say to stopping here while I go on and reconnoiter?"

"No, no. If you go on, I will go with you."

"And hope for the best," he added, starting, pressing my arm to his side and stepping out.

The road seemed as endless and deserted as the forest itself. Then, leaning more and more heavily on Gordon's arm, I plodded wearily on, with feet that seemed to cling to the ground, until my companion, seeing that my strength was well nigh spent, said:

"I use quickly, and greatly restored by the few notes of rest we sped over the hard snow, hand in hand."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### WE MEET AN OLD ENEMY.

Darkness compels us to keep on the outskirts of the forest for within the obscurity was so impenetrable that we should have had to grope our way from tree to tree, only to find, when light came, that we had been traveling in a circle.

The glow of the smoldering kameras at least indicated the direction we were not to take, and the light of the stars was sufficient to enable us to keep a tolerably straight course. We were cheerful enough as we plodded on. Only, as it began to grow light, we cast apprehensive glances behind us for pursuing Cossacks, but not a speck rose out of the great white plain.

The remains of the escape were lost to sight. There was no sign of habitation or living creature between us and the dark line of far distant forest which bounded the horizon.

"It's odd," said Gordon in a tone of perplexity, after looking about on the snow around us. "It's odd that there are no marks of feet. I saw by the ticket on the wall last night that there were 600 and odd in the kameras, and one would think that some of that number surely would take the path we have chosen. There were but two ways to go."

It was a mystery to me also, but I thought it an advantage, for the majority of the convicts had passed on the road were horrible looking villains, the number of unshackled prisoners—men excited for political offenses—being very small indeed. Besides this, it seemed to me that the fewer footprints there were in the snow the less likelihood there was of pursuit being made in our direction, as there would certainly be a better chance of making captives in the other. When it grew lighter, we also struck into the forest and sat down under a canopy of frozen snow spread over the meeting boughs of the great pines.

We were not cold, for there was no wind, and exercise had thoroughly warmed us. Besides this, we were tired and already hunger was suggesting the question, "What are we to eat?"

But we said nothing on the subject for some time, fearing to betray our own misgivings. At length, Gordon, after looking round him in silence, said:

"A wretchedly quiet here, isn't it?"

I nodded, looking around me also. Indeed the stillness was, in the true sense of the word, awful.

"I can't see a living thing anywhere," he continued, "and yet there must be, you know."

"Taras told me there were wolves in the forest. Are they good to eat?" he answered evasively, concealing whatever disagreeable reflections this question may have suggested, "but one thing is certain, they wouldn't exist if there were nothing for them to eat. If we could knock over a rabbit now, or even an old crow, we could soon make a fire to cook him, and then we should be as right as rain."

He had mechanically filled his pipe and was now about to light it. He stopped, and saw him carefully counting the small number of vestas that remained in his box. When they were gone, there would be no more smoking.

"I say, do you think you could smoke a cigarette?" he asked hopefully. "Baccy's a wonderful comfort at all times, but when you're a bit pinched, you know."

He pulled out his tobacco pouch temptingly. I told him I would rather not try it yet awhile.

"I think I shall enjoy it more presently," said he, putting his pipe in his pocket.

Then I noticed by the impotence of his pouch as he put that away that his tobacco was nearly all gone.

When we began to feel chilly, we walked on again, keeping under the trees with the hope of finding some animal that might serve us for food, the snowdrift that edged the wood being our guide.

Gordon had provided himself with a stout stick, but we saw no sign of living creature the whole day, and the only thing we found to eat was some frozen moss and a leathery kind of lichen. On and on we went, skirting the edge of the plain, through the impenetrable forest, until the light began to fade; then we went out and looked beyond the drift. The boundless plain, with the edging of black pines, was all we saw—nothing else.

"We must think now of making ourselves comfortable for the night," said Gordon as we re-entered the forest. "We will have a good fire at any rate."

Fuel was not wanting. The edge of the forest was strewn with broken limbs torn from the trees by the gales that swept across the plain, or broken down in former winters by the weight of ice and snow. We collected a great heap, and having built the foundation of our fire Gordon, with infinite care, struck one of his precious matches and lit the pile of dry leaves and fir cones. I knew then why he had refrained from smoking all day. Our lives depended on those vestas, for if they gave out before we could get a fresh supply we must freeze to death.

As soon as the fire was well light we scraped a narrow trench, about six feet long, in the thick bed of fir needles facing the fire, and framing a kind of roof over it with pine branches piled a mass of twigs and rubbish of all kinds on top so as to exclude the cold air. We both worked with a will, leaving off now and then to put fresh fuel on the fire, and when it was finished felt very well satisfied with our performance.

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"What shall we do?" I asked, trembling violently.

"If it only leads to a farm, we're all right. No one would be so inhuman as to refuse us food, seeing how pinched and alone we are. If, on the other hand, it leads to a town—why, then, we stand a good chance of being made prisoners again. What do you say to stopping here while I go on and reconnoiter?"

"No, no. If you go on, I will go with you."

"And hope for the best," he added, starting, pressing my arm to his side and stepping out.

The road seemed as endless and deserted as the forest itself. Then, leaning more and more heavily on Gordon's arm, I plodded wearily on, with feet that seemed to cling to the ground, until my companion, seeing that my strength was well nigh spent, said:

"If I only leads to a farm, we're all right. No one would be so inhuman as to refuse us food, seeing how pinched and alone we are. If, on the other hand, it leads to a town—why, then, we stand a good chance of being made prisoners again. What do you say to stopping here while I go on and reconnoiter?"

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"If I only leads to a farm, we're all right. No one would be so inhuman as to refuse us food, seeing how pinched and alone we are. If, on the other hand, it leads to a town—why, then, we stand a good chance of being made prisoners again. What do you say to stopping here while I go on and reconnoiter?"

"No, no. If you go on, I will go with you."

"And hope for the best," he added, starting, pressing my arm to his side and stepping out.

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The road seemed as endless and deserted as the forest itself. Then, leaning more and more heavily on Gordon's arm, I plodded wearily on, with feet that seemed to cling to the ground, until my companion, seeing that my strength was well nigh spent, said:

"A thousand rubles—three years' freedom! Lifelong freedom, who knows? Take it back or I may be tempted yet to knock you on the head."

He pushed the note into Gordon's hand and turning away set his elbows on his knees, dropped his bristly beard in his palms and rocked himself slowly backward and forward, scowling into the fire.

Gordon looked at him and then at me in silent perplexity; we both doubted whether the little man was in his right mind. Presently glancing round and perceiving that Gordon still held the note in his hand, Ivan Dontzenko said angrily:

"Put it away. I tell you—hide it up. Don't you know that the forest is alive with desperate men? Any one of them would murder the pair of you to get that. Why should they? Necessity knows no law but self-preservation. Do you know it was in my mind to brain you as you sat there in an ecstasy of animal pleasure? At least you would have gone out of the world happy; it would have saved you—and me too. Oh, there was enough justification. Reason was on my side and opportunity as well. You would have done it in my place. There was murder in your eyes when you asked for bread. Bread is only a means to living; the end of living is freedom. A man will fight for life while there's a hope of freedom; when that hope is gone, he will blow his brains out."

"With your views," said Gordon, "I am surprised that you did not at least make off with the note."

"Perhaps I overlooked that alternative in the greater temptation to kill you. The probability was that you had other notes in your case—money enough to make escape certain."

"If you felt yourself justified, why didn't you kill me?"

"For a fool of a reason—a sentimental one. Something in your build, your face—not the murderous expression in it, you may be sure—deterred me. I felt, just at the critical moment, as if I were about to kill my dearest friend. And I can't shake off that womanly feeling while I look at you—that's the queer thing."

"Some personal resemblance?" Gordon suggested.

Ivan Dontzenko nodded gloomily and turned his eyes again on the fire.

"It's an odd coincidence that my resemblance to a Russian has not only saved my life, but was the cause of my life being in jeopardy."

"What Russian?" asked Ivan, turning quickly.

"Taras—Prince Borgensky."

"Taras?" cried Ivan, starting to his feet. "Is he alive?"

"He was when we left him not two months ago."

"Where was he then?"

"In London."



# CHRISTMAS CHEER NOTES.

## CONCOMITANTS OF THE HOLLY AND THE MISTLETOE.

Mrs. Bayliss Tells About the Noel Season—The Story of Asa Loki—The Pudding and Brandy Sauce—How to Roast the Goose—Trimming for the Feast.

As the time of the winter solstice approaches, the people of the world make preparation to celebrate the greatest festival of the year. It is the world's time for a great feast; for the harvest is ended, the summer past and the old year well nigh spent. All nations and all religions, Greeks, Romans, Jews, Mohammedans, Christians, and many others, all alike, take this season to celebrate their most important feast. The enlightenment of the age cannot possibly conceive of the sacrificial feasts of the long time ago; when not only animals, but human beings were sacrificed. In the tenth century "King Hacon the Good," tried to substitute those heathenish rites and to substitute the Christmas celebration. But he failed, and it was many long years before his will prevailed and the Christmas festival became established. Grimm tells us that in the twelfth century the Druids held the "Oak ceremonial," and from them we borrowed our delightful custom of burning the "Yule log." Yule being the ancient name of Christmas.

Another of our most charming customs of the Christmas tide comes to us from the Druids. It is the use of the mistletoe, which was held in great reverence by them. One who has seen it growing in the country of the ancient Druids tells us that at a distance it looks like a huge bird's nest, made of numerous sprays and twigs, all matted together and resting on a tree, but on nearer inspection is found to be the pretty mistletoe growing on a holly tree. It is said to be propagated by the birds. Its use at the Christmas tide comes to us from another and much more poetic source. Across the Atlantic, far northward, on the European continent, lie the lands of high mountains and deep valleys, snow fields, glaciers and fjords, and what is more interesting still is that it is Norway, the land of the midnight sun. This land is rich in legend and saga, and from the mythology and customs of the Norseman we have taken some of our most charming customs of the Christmas tide. The Norse myth of the mistletoe, or more properly of "Baldr," the "god of light," is a quaint saga, and those who are acquainted with it will recall it, and those who are not, may like to know. Baldr was the strong, young and handsome son of Thor and Frigga, and was the "god of light" in the mythological world, and was much loved for his attributes of love and brightness. But, as in the world of reality, there were jealous, grovelling natures that hated him for these very attributes.

Chief among them, was one Asa Loki, god of darkness and sin. In his jealous hatred, he determined on the destruction of Baldr. But he told no one, and bided his time. As coming evil events are said to cast their shadows before, Frigga, mother of Baldr, became possessed of premonitions of evil to her dear son. Her nights were made hideous by horrible dreams, which she interpreted as meaning danger to her son, and there was no peace anywhere to be found for the yearning, loving heart of the mother. So she started out to protect him, if possible, from all danger. She journeyed everywhere, exacting promises from everything in the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, and in hades, that none of them would harm Baldr. Then when she returned to her own country, she found that in her eager haste she had taken no pledge from the mistletoe. In remorse she opened her heart to the one most unloving of her confidants. She told him that she had taken no pledge from the mistletoe, and that she had exacted no pledge from it. This he pondered in his wicked heart. The great love of Frigga for Baldr enveloped him like a coat of mail, and rendered him invulnerable, like Achilles, and it was one of the favorite pastimes of the gods to have Baldr stand up as a mark, at which other gods directed their missiles. These attacks he received unharmed. Nothing had power to harm him but the mistletoe, and that was in a far off country. When the gods were preparing for their winter festival, at the time of the winter solstice, Asa Loki traveled to far Southern country, where the mistletoe grew, and gathering some, he made a spear and fashioned the head of the mistletoe. Then he returned to his own country, and when it was time for the winter festival he took his spear with him. And when Baldr stood up in all his strength and beauty Asa Loki said within himself, "You shall surely die." So he called Hod, the blind god, and asked him why he did not take part in the sport. Hod replied that he could not, for he was blind. Then Asa Loki said he would direct his missle for him. This he directed his missle to, and Asa Loki, putting his own spear in the hand of Hod, directed it. Hod hurled it, and in a trice Baldr lay dead. And thus went out all the light and brightness in that mythological land, on the eve of the shortest day in the year. So with the Norwegian use of the mistletoe as an emblem of this myth, and its use has come down to us through the long and shadowy vale of "many a year," and also our festival of the Christmas tide, and we are startled to find ourselves once more, on the eve of the very day, with the ever recurring thought that it is not possible that Christmas time has come round once more, with all its pleasant duties.

Perhaps, as the all important day draws nigh, no subject occupies the mind of the busy housekeeper more than the Christmas dinner. There would seem to be some strangely kindred sympathy between a man's heart and his stomach, for when a man's heart is full of joy one of the first things he does is to fill the latter with something choice to eat. Thus among all people in all countries and in all stages of the world, it has been the in-

variable custom to celebrate with a feast every joyous occasion from the cradle to the golden wedding. The dish indispensable for the Christmas dinner is plum pudding, and it justly claims one of the oldest places in Christmas cookery. An ancient authority calls it plum porridge, and gives these directions for its preparation: "Take one gallon of beef or mutton broth, thickened with brown bread, and add two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, one pound of prunes, spice with cloves, mace and ginger and a little salt; stir well. The plum pudding of these days would bear little resemblance to the plum pudding of those days. Many Americans are partial to English plum pudding, but the manner of the making is as different as the localities in which they are made. One who was born and reared not so very many miles from "Lun-nontown" has told us how it was made in that part of England, in their young days:

Long before Christmas the pudding was made, and every member of the family took a hand at stirring, from the oldest to the youngest. During the process new pieces of silver money were put in, which were afterward collected for the cook. The mistress of the house put in a thimble and a ring. When the pudding is served the young person who gets the ring will be married within the year; but woe to the unmarried who get the thimble, for they will remain unmarried all their lives. Although the pudding was made weeks before Christmas, it was put away carefully and not touched until Christmas day.

For our part, we prefer the American plum pudding, believing it to be lighter, more digestible and delectable than the English. The following recipe for pudding and sauce will be found excellent: Two cups of fine bread crumbs, two cups of sugar, 1 pound of beef suet chopped fine, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of cloves, 2 of cinnamon, 2 nutmegs grated, 1 cup of sweet milk, 4 eggs well beaten, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed with a little flour, 2 pounds of seeded raisins, 2 pounds of currants, 1 pound of citron; flour the fruit well, and lastly add enough flour to make stiff; wet a bag or mould, put the pudding in, and steam or boil three and one-half hours; if boiled, put a plate in the bottom of the pot, to prevent burning; it must be watched carefully, and as the water boils away it must be renewed with hot water. Sauce: Cream together 2 cups of sugar and a good half cup of butter, yolks of two eggs well beaten and added to butter and sugar, half a grated nutmeg, a pinch of salt, one quart of water and brandy to taste; boil until thick, stirring constantly. Then, if one wishes to be very festive, serve the pudding on a handsome platter, surrounded by a wreath of holly, and just before serving pour over brandy and tuck a lighted candle into it. It is brought to the table in a flaming glory, and a delicious odor. The skill of the hostess is put to the test to serve each person with a piece still flaming. In making the bag, it is a good plan to widen from bottom to top, as the pudding is the more easily removed. An American lady who spends a delightful Christmas in Germany a few years ago has given us a recipe for what might be called a German plum pudding. She ate of the pudding and pronounced it excellent. Recipe: Two cups of rice boiled until tender in milk, then stir in three-fourths of a cup of suet chopped fine, one cup of seeded raisins, half a cup of candied fruit, three eggs beaten separately, and a pinch of salt, mix and pour into a wet bag and steam or boil one hour and a half. To be eaten hot with wine or brandy sauce, any kind of sauce may be used to suit taste.

On the same occasion roast geese were served and the manner of preparation would be I believe superior to the orthodox American way (sage and onions) as it would not be so strong: Boil twenty-five chestnuts ten minutes, remove both dark and thin inner skin, return to the range and boil until tender, and chop fine, take two pints of fine bread or biscuit crumbs and fry brown in butter in a hot skillet, then pour in enough water or milk to wet the crumbs slightly, add the chestnuts, and a cup of dried currants, one large nutmeg sliced and a pinch of salt, mix and fill both openings of the goose in a greased baking pan, dust with salt and fine cracker crumbs, add water and bake, renewing water when necessary. Baste every twenty minutes; when the goose is delicately browned, cover with a pan until nearly done, remove the pan and finish browning. Make gravy like turkey gravy.

The German house wife served with the geese, some fine plums, also spiced cherries; branded cherries or peaches are nice to serve with any kind of goose or poultry. The French serve entrées with their excellent dinner, a bit of flakey pie crust, baked in patty pans and then filled with any kind of preserves, a couple spoonfuls of mirangue is put on each and slightly browned in a hot oven. To make mirangue: To the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, add two heaping tablespoons of sugar; whipped cream instead of mirangue is used. A nice sweet sauce to serve is made in this way: Take the juice of one quart can of pine apple, add one cup of water and one very large cup of sugar, let boil until thick as syrup, then add a cup of sherry wine and slices of pineapple, stand where it will simmer for half an hour, put away to cool, to serve with roast, poultry or game.

One of the best concomitants of a rich dinner is a Roman punch: "Thou soft, thou sober sage, and venerable frozen liquid," says Clibber we may therefore suppose its virtues to have been appreciated by some of the great founts of the past. To make a Roman punch: Take the juice of four oranges, three lemons, one pound of sugar, one fourth pint of rum, one-fourth pint of port wine, two quarts of water, freeze as ice cream, when nearly done add the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, then finish freezing.

"There's pippins and cheese to come!"—Merry Wives.

To make cheese straws: Four ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, one ounce of grated cheese, white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, roll very thin, cut in strips and bake in a quick oven.

"Wine warms the blood and makes the spirits flow"—Barber—for ourselves we think nothing more conducive to the "feast of reason and flow

of soul" than a sober berry juice, the slaves bear round a drink.

But above all, let us take to the Christmas feast, hearts filled to overflowing with good fellowship. The spirit of the season is "God will to man." It is right and meet, that at this time, rejoicing and feasting should be the order of our day, but not to the utter exclusion of nobler things. But let us not forget, in this gladtime, that the "poor we have with us always."

CARRIE ZIEGLER BAYLISS.

## CARKEEK ON CULTURE.

### A TALK ON TRAINING BY THE WELL KNOWN ATHLETE.

Some Good Sound Advice on Proper Care to be Given the Body, Worthy of a Careful Reading by Everybody—The Sound Mind and Sound Body Go Together.

In the limited space of a newspaper article only a brief outline of the good results of systematic exercise can be given. That physical exercise is essential to health cannot be doubted. It is not necessary that every one who trains should aim or ever wish to become an athlete. There are modified forms or degrees as there are in other duties of life. We do not ask a man to take away any time from his business, but we do ask him to give thirty or forty minutes each day to bodily exercise. The man who meditates on cash columns and the state of market will say: "I have not the time." How strange it seems that these men can find time for almost everything except that which will keep the body in a state of good health. The object to be attained by a thorough course of physical training depends greatly upon the contest he expects to enter into and may be thus described:

The removal of superfluous fat and water.

The increased constitutional power of the muscles.

The increased endurance of lasting power.

Wind, that is the power of deep breathing, and circulating the blood steadily without violent exertion.

To arrive at these conclusions get up not later than 7 a. m., sponge and rub yourself until the skin is red; a dry rub with a good soft towel is quite as good; then dress, take a walk for a couple of blocks, fill your lungs all the time you walk; walking, running, skipping the rope, raising the heels from the floor, the working of dumbbells, Indian club, pulley or chest weights, and boxing, fencing and calisthenic exercises are the best exercises and can all be taken at home, in the store, or in the office. This will expand the chest, render the joints supple and will impart to the person grace, ease and steadiness of carriage, combined with strength, elasticity and quickness of movements.

Daring feats such as the giant swing upon the horizontal bar, lifting very heavy weights and jumping from great heights are seldom ever taught in a gymnasium and executed only at the owner's risk. There is something more than exercise required; it is to live regularly and be temperate in all things, and to be of a cheerful mind and of a good moral character. It is difficult task to train a man who has had a sound constitution, but by wise management, the use of liquor, tobacco and keeping of late hours, has injured his health.

To secure the good results of physical culture, it must be taught, as every other branch of education, systematically and by a competent teacher. To be a competent teacher it is absolutely necessary to know something about anatomy in order to enumerate and point out the imperfections and weak parts of a pupil. From a practical experience of several years in this kind of work, I am firmly impressed with the necessity of physical training in order to advance athletic culture. Always exercise according to your general trait of life and harmony to your body. Either never attempt or else accomplish. Have an affection for your work—affection is as necessary as clothes are to the body.

Be careful of your diet. Find out the kind of food that best agrees with you, and eat only that at regular times and in reasonable quantities. We eat too much, all of us. Let the appetite be obedient to the reason. We can not use the mind aright when we are filled with the excesses of food and drink. The stomach that is seldom empty despises the commonest food. The best seasoning for food is hunger; for drink, thirst. Bad habits must be overcome by the self determining power of the will. No act of the body can take place without an action of the will proceeding. Living by rule and habit is sometimes the cause of sickness. By wrong exercise, food and drink, improper diets, we completely disqualify ourselves and direct our attention to various obediences and punishment for infringement of our natural laws.

I would further say that a man or woman in a perfect state of health should not be aware of the existence of special organs in their body. For example we ought not to feel that we have a liver, stomach or a lung, for so surely as you feel a special organ so surely is it diseased. If an organ causes a certain feeling such as craving for liquor or tobacco or other immoral feeling, the best policy then would be to refuse to be made subject to these feelings, for the real grounds of danger to health would be increased by submission to these influences which are caused through an unhealthy body.

JAMES CARKEEK.

Excursions to California.

On account of the San Francisco Mid-Winter Fair, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco, St. Jose, Colton, Los Angeles and San Diego, Cal., and Portland, Ore., at reduced rates, good until April 1, 1894. For full particulars call on any coupon ticket agent or address John R. Pott, district passenger agent, 456 William St., Williamsport, Pa.

Closing Out.

I am closing out my entire stock of musical goods, pianos, organs, guitars, violins, accordions, harpicas, etc., 78 E. Tuscarawas street, Canton, O.

F. BAIRD, JR.

IN THE EARLY DAYS.

The great first children journeyed through the centuries, lonely then. With all their sheep and little ones, Their cattle and their men.

And kept themselves in tribes apart For awe of the great plains, And learned the length of days and nights, Of summers and of rains.

And saw no other men through all The blue horizons wide, Save their own kind, who came to birth And marched and sang and died.

And left the mark of well pitched tents, Of footprints in the dew, And tracks of beaten, billowed grass Their flocks had pastured through.

And sometimes on a mountain top They stood among their spears, And gazed across an unknown sea Into the unknown years.

And sometimes o'er a silent plain, As endless as the sky, A child from lands unknown would come And meet them eye to eye.

And they would gaze and love and speak And rest awhile, and then Each journeyed past with all his sheep, His cattle and his men.

—Alice Archer Sewell in Harper's Monthly.

## HE DOUBTED HER.

The fishing fleet had set out early in the morning. The atmosphere was very clear, and the boats could still be seen in the distance, strung out in a long line across the horizon, between the Criel beach and the Pointe de Cayeux.

A few sailors' wives, children and old men still loitered on the jetty, all in excellent humor, for with such weather there should certainly be a fine haul of fish. The sea was admirably blue, but lashed by the wind it broke into little waves, which rushed, white capped, toward the shore.

"Do you see it yet, mamma?" asked a little fellow who had staid away from school that morning in order to see his father start with the fleet.

His mother had a marine glass—a luxury that her neighbors envied her. In such clear weather as this, if they could not distinguish the men, they could at least make out the gigantic numbers on the sails.

He would have remained a long time watching his father's sloop as it grew smaller and smaller in the distance, but his mother led him away. They must go back to the house to their work.

They loitered along the harbor, which had lost its animation now that its fleet of fishing craft was gone.

On the side toward the town a few small boats were waiting till the sea went down a little before venturing out, and on the other side half a dozen ships were discharging their cargoes of coal and taking on phosphates.

Mme. Fournier stopped mechanically in the middle of the quay to look at a fine English three-master, the Harding, which came every week with a cargo of coal. A sailor, leaning on the rail of the ship, saw her and waved his cap gayly to her. She turned away and hurried up the Rue de la Falaise to her home.

Two hours later the loungers of the Rue de la Falaise were greatly surprised to see Master Fournier, the owner of the fishing sloop T 672, hastening angrily homeward.

He had not entered the house before his neighbors had run to learn the reason of his sudden return.

Why had he come back?

It was that way that they had of leaving port, with all sails set, whatever the weather, which was known all up and down the coast as "Treport sailing."

Her backstay had been broken, and Fournier had had to come back to port for repairs. These were already under way, and once he had his men at work he had come up to see his wife a moment.

"Your wife—she has gone out, but she will be back directly."

He was pouring himself a glass of thin wine from the pitcher he had drawn that morning before leaving, when he noticed the inkstand open on the table and the pen beside it, still wet with ink.

It was his son's pen and inkstand, but as the little fellow never wrote during the day he concluded that his wife must have been writing. Almost at the same moment he noticed a letter in the blue vase on the mantel, and without thinking he opened it and read:

Mme. Fournier:

I love you more than I can tell. I implore you to set a time when we can meet. You are free—your husband is gone.

"My God!" cried Fournier, "Harry Evans!"

He knew him well, this handsome English sailor of the Harding, who had already injured more than one home in Treport—a tall fellow, as tall as Fournier himself, fair, with the complexion of a girl and tender blue eyes.

He sprang up to rush to the quay and strangle the Englishman, when he heard his wife returning. Evidently she had answered that insulting letter, and she would tell him what answer she had given. He trusted his wife.

"I hurried back," she said as she came in. "I heard of the accident as I was doing my marketing."

As she laid the purchase she had made on the table, he had time to thrust the letter back into the vase. He would wait for her to speak.

Mme. Fournier continued to busy herself with her household duties. He watched her, and he found her still young, browned like himself, almost as tall, gracefully poised on her pointed sabots and with a waist still slender.

From time to time she looked at him with a smile. She was not surprised to see him looking sadder after the accident. She did not say anything about it, for she had given him her advice on the subject long ago, and it was the sole matter on which they disagreed.

"Wife, have you nothing new to tell me?"

"Nothing, my dear husband."

His face contracted as with a sudden pain. His wife, thinking it due to chag-

grin at the accident, kissed him tenderly.

He pressed her to him with unconstrained force. Never, even in the fiercest tempest, had he suffered as he suffered now. Suspicion, entering his simple, loyal heart, ravaged it terribly.

"Well, goodby. I am going to the harbor. We shall go out with the next tide, if the backstay is repaired. Good-by."

She accompanied him to the end of the street and bade him farewell with so frank an eye that he asked himself if it were possible that such a woman could lie.

He was about to go to the Harding when one of the sailors saw him and came after him. Compelled to return to his vessel, he had time to reflect. A sudden fit of rage, a fight, would prove nothing, and he would never know the truth.

So he calmly watched the work of reparation, which was coming on apace. At 2 o'clock his wife brought him his luncheon. At 5 his son came to kiss him goodby, and that evening he set sail again, after having seen the Harding leave Treport for England.

The following Saturday, after a terrible tempest, the fishing fleet returned to Treport, laden with a fine catch of fish. Master Fournier looked quickly to see if the English three-master were at the quay, but she was not there.

Disembarking, he learned that the Harding had gone down in sight of Spithead, and that all on board had been lost.

Harry Evans, then, was dead. His wife alone knew the truth. He would not dare to question her. He would never know the truth—she would doubt her always!

From that time every one in Treport remarked that Master Fournier had grown taciturn. They asked his wife the reason, but she replied evasively that she did not know.

His sailors found him rougher than before and more aversive. He often returned to Treport on Sunday morning and left again the same evening, without a night's rest.

One week he came back on Tuesday, and the news spread that the St. Laurent had brought back the corpse of a drowned man. According to the custom of that part of the coast, Master Fournier had given orders to return to port, losing his catch of fish, in order to bury the dead.

Accompanied by two of his sailors, he made his deposition before the commissioner, and the latter had him sign the declaration that "the body of a drowned man had been recovered by the St. Laurent at a point 15 miles SSW of Spithead, measuring 5 feet 10 inches in height, dressed in a blue woolen shirt, trousers of gray cloth and neckerchief of red cotton; no papers, no marks to establish identity; supposed, from the place of drowning, in default of other evidence, to have been one of the crew of the Harding."

Early the next morning a funeral procession traversed the village and bore to the little church the remains of the unknown sailor found by the St. Laurent. Behind the coffin walked the sailors of the St. Laurent, their master at their head, and behind the men came the wives or mothers of the sailors.

The religious ceremony was brief, but respectfully followed, and the unknown dead was conducted to the cemetery by the great family of sailors of Treport, who honor themselves in thus honoring the remains of others.

"Get yourselves ready," announced Master Fournier to his men. "We go to sea directly."

Fournier led his wife to a little knoll a few paces away from the cemetery. He wished to speak with her without witnesses.

"Wife," he said, "do you know for whom you have come to pray?"

She trembled and pressed her husband's hand. She had never seen him so solemn.

"The man we have just buried was Harry Evans, wait!"

Mme. Fournier turned pale. Her husband tendered her a paper, stained as it with water.

"Wife, I have doubted you. My punishment is to accuse myself of it. I read the letter he dared to write to you, and I have been very miserable. The other night when this drowned man was found I alone searched him. I could not show to others, not even to the commissioner, the only paper he had on him, in a little bag of oiled silk. The water had dimmed it a little, but I have read it nevertheless."

It was the answer written to the handsome English sailor by Mme. Fournier.

"Sin, I love my husband. That is the sole answer I can make to your letter. I shall say nothing to my husband, for he would kill you. Never come here again."

"Wife, do you forgive me?"

"Oh, my poor husband, how you have suffered!"

From that day Master Fournier grew young and gay again, but nothing can keep him from going out with all sails set.—Translated for San Francisco Argonaut from the French of Pierre Sales.

The Age of Senator Harris.

The exact age of Senator Harris is a profound mystery. He resolutely refuses to state the date of his birth in the Congressional Directory. This is only one of his eccentricities, but it is his strongest. I asked Representative Patterson of Memphis once how old his friend really was. If any one should know it, he should, for they are as intimate as any two men in congress. Patterson shook his head sadly. "If Harris were to die tomorrow," he said, "I do not believe any one could tell his age to the marble cutters. In Tennessee we figure this way," he said, laughing; "we know that he went on the duelfield with Andrew Jackson in 1808—at least this has never been denied. He was a man then and supposed to have some gray hairs at the time. A conservative estimate would make him out to be about 150 years of age."

Washington Cor. Augusta Chronicle.

## HER LAST VISITOR.

Across her sick of summer dark and slow. Her kind eyes never left her bed. When the loud toll, but the last light she had left her that day, young, beautiful, and mad. A stranded life done on a strange shore. Till the great house of life, shut her in, And there, as if she was not had been, Hope came no more.

Only love came, with tender voice and hand, And smile and kiss she scarce could understand. And once dear eyes, that now unanswered beamed. When friends looked on her, and as if she dreamed. Their faces shone and faded. Months and years. They met their last one in the sad retreat. And found her not, and passed with burdened tears. And bitter tears.

She saw them but as phantoms which all hours Thro' on her brain, and yet they brought her flowers. And gentle words, and laughters—was it vain? Crept and hid on her heart, and on her brain. Mouth after mouth, year after year—and then Some fell away; the world had swept them by. And sorrowing friendship with its lingering sigh. Came not again.

Her mates found other favorites, some were wives. And mother, to her own sister's love. Crept and hid on her heart, and on her brain. New loves grown dearer than the living dead. And few and fewer of her kindred came. Till but two yearning mourners looked and smiled. Upon the imprisoned shadow of their child, And breathed her name.

Long time the suffering father kept his trust, But failed at length and staid away, unmused. By her missive, so surely, Oh, the bliss! Of a crazed soul, so forgetful, the calm. That took not when forgotten of its own. The mother bore his load, and with no mate To share her pangs to the day's gate.

She went alone, week after week, and when Summer and winter, till her brightened one. Became her babe again, and she grew gray. In motherly pangs, no delay. No doubt nor ease, where her errand led. Shall her love's call, longing to be home. Her child, her child, she did not come. But she was dead.

—The Lone Woman's Companion.

## KNIGHT AND PILGRIM.

My ancestor was a knight and the owner of vast realms. His domains included several small towns, great forests and farms and other gilt edge collateral, and his vassals were numbered by hundreds.

The management of his real estate he left to an agent, who boomed it to his lord's advantage, while my ancestor spent his time in tomeying and other laughly diversions, receiving formal in distress, storming castles and drinking was-sail with the other lords when in funds.

He was a man of medium height, who wore eyeglasses and sandy whiskers, but when he was inside of his Damascus inland suit of chilled steel armor he was a person of imposing appearance, and he had a deep, bass voice, which gave his hearers a lasting impression of his greatness.

In battle he was a terror. Many were the infants who lay the dust before his two handed sword, and many were the trophies of the field stacked up in his castle. He was fond of riding unattended through his domains and feeling the public pulse, as it were, and in this manner met with many adventures well worth recording. In an old black letter manuscript, dated 1246, there is an account of one of these adventures, which I have rendered into modern English, and goes to show how the life of a knight of old was subject to strange vicissitudes.

He was riding through a forest one day, when his steed suddenly reared and threw my ancestor to the ground with a dull thud. The knight, incumbered by his weighty armor, was unable to rise when he recovered from the shock, but he managed to crawl to the roadside and brace himself up against a tree. It was a lonely road, and few people traversed it. Thus he lay two days without food or drink, unable to get out of his armor or walk home. On the morning of the third day, a man in shabby garb approached with slow, leisurely steps. Coming up to my ancestor, he halted in surprise, and then opening the grating in the knight's visor he said:

"Hello! Hello!"

My ancestor replied:

"Good morrow, friend. I pray thee give me food and drink, or I perish."

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" quoth the man.

My ancestor informed him of his name and station, repeating his request for sustenance and concluding by inquiring his savior's name.

"I am Aimless Walker, the pilgrim," he replied, "just from the Holy Land on foot, but I have no fodder for you. Yet methinks," he mused, "that in a distant farmyard I espied a wheelbarrow left by some careless yokel. Hither will I lie me, and in two shakes will I return to thee and trundle thee to thy castle."

So speaking, he hied and in a short time returned with the barrow. First, however, he removed the knight's helmet, and filling it with water at a spring near by he brought the warrior drink, which cheered him mightily. Then, placing him in the barrow, he began to trundle him along the road toward the far distant town. They cheered the weary way by reciting their strange adventures to each other, and my ancestor has recorded in his diary that he never met a more cheerful and variegated liar in all his travels, and he was no slouch himself, it is said.

Toward noon Aimless grew fatigued, and stopping suddenly he said:

"What do I get out of this anyway?"

"Why, fellow," quoth the knight, "is it not enough to know that thou art serving thy lord?"

"Lord, nothing!" said Walker. "Perhaps you are not aware that I'm the inventor of the existence without labor system and high archancellor of the lodge of Knights of the Road? It strikes me that I'm getting it where Mark got the mumps—in the neck."

"Hurry on," replied my ancestor, "or darkness will again befall us ere we reach my castle."

"If you were out of those iron garments and did a little walking yourself, the job would be easier," said Walker, and putting the action to the words he turned the knight over, and with a monkey wrench which the warrior wore he began to undo his armor.

In a few minutes the knight appeared in his buckskin pajamas, and Walker was surprised to find him such a small and in fact insignificant person. Seeing that he outlasted him when he was out of his armor, he began to bully him, and finally he compelled my ancestor to wheel the barrow, loaded as it was with his armor and weapons.

Unaccustomed to such menial toil, the knight made such poor progress that evening found them still far from home. The pangs of hunger added to the knight's misery. But Walker disappeared in the woods, taking with him the warrior's long spear.

In less than an hour he returned with a couple of fat pullets, a small pig, and a peck of Early Rose potatoes, disposed about his person in a manner that would have done credit to the king's conjurer.

"And now," said he, as he laid his booty on the ground, "we will light a fire in the stove."

"What stove?" exclaimed my ancestor in amazement.

"I'll show you," replied Aimless, "how necessity can create out of apparently the most incongruous materials a satisfactory base burning, self feeling and self regulating Sunshine range and heater combined, warranted, likewise, to save fuel and reduce the cost of living by one-half."

Speaking thus, he took the warrior's iron body piece and placed it upon several stones in an upright position. In a few minutes he had attached the arm pieces, thus constituting a stovepipe, and filling a tin with kerosene with legs and wood in less than a quarter of an hour he had a merry fire blazing thereon. Filling the helmet with water, he placed it upon the opening in the armor for the knight's neck and left it to boil, while he prepared the chickens. These he put in the pot with the potatoes to boil. Then, taking the knight's shirt of chain he drove four stakes in the ground at equal distances and suspended the garment in such a manner that when he had lighted a fire beneath it served as a gridiron to broil the porker upon.

"Now," said Aimless as he removed the porker from the gridiron, and placing it upon my ancestor's shield began to carve it with his sword, "just spear them poultry and taters outen the pot, will you, and we'll begin the banquet." My ancestor fished out the chickens and potatoes, and they fell to. "A couple of perfectos would just finish this about right," said Aimless, with a sigh, as he lay back against a tree for awhile.

Then he filled the stove with more firewood and said:

"We'll keep that going all night and smooze right alongside of it," which they did.

In the morning they warmed over the remnants of the feast and proceeded on their way. As they neared my ancestor's castle, Walker began to muse, as one who meditates putting up a job, but the warrior did not perceive it, as he was busy pushing the wheelbarrow. Suddenly Walker broke out:

"Strikes me, my lord, that it were an unseemly entrance to your city that you make. Perchance 'twere wiser to resume your metallic togs and go in some state style."

My ancestor assented to this, and with the pilgrim's help entered his armor, and Walker fastened the combination lock.

Then the base, ignoble churl rapidly trundled the supine and hapless knight to an obscure street in the lowest and most unfashionable part of my ancestor's town, down near the river, and opening his visor gagged him with a piece of cloth, which he tore off the tail of his new coat of arms.

Chuckling with fiendish glee, he then proceeded until he came to the junkshop of William Slathers, afterward Earl Slathers, the first of what became a noble English family, and there he sold the armor and weapons, my ancestor included, as



